

# The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. LXXII, NO. 287

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FEBRUARY, 1921

## THE FORTY UNDISCOVERED WHISTLERS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE story of a discovery of Whistler's work in Baltimore has made a sensation in the art cotes of Europe and America. Anything by Whistler or about Whistler now is good enough to hang an article or a paragraph on, just as a few years ago anything about Whistler or by Whistler was good enough for the same people to shy a brick at. The world has moved if the critics have not. This incident is interesting to note for it is a positive proof of what I have been saying, that there is no art criticism on the North American Continent, nor any art critics save two or three. Not only are there few art critics, there are but two or three Directors or Curators in the United States of America who have been properly trained or whose word on the subject of prints is of value. The art lecturers are in the same category. From the time of Ruskin and that incurable bore, that peddler and purveyor of art to the universities, Charles Eliot Norton, art has been preached in the United States from the high places, but almost the only incident that has occurred is Mr. Berenson, now pretty well forgotten I believe. However, critics, experts and curators rush in where artists hesitate. And Baltimore gives the latest example.

There appeared about a month ago in the papers of the United States headings like the following, taken from *The New York Sun*, copied not only all over this country but in Europe: 'WHISTLERS NEW TO FAME FOUND. FORTY WATER COLOURS DISCOVERED IN MARY-

LAND INSTITUTE.' Leaders were printed on the subject in the same *New York Sun* and other papers. We were further told that this great find had been recently unearthed in Baltimore and that Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, Curator of Prints in the Boston Museum, Lecturer on Art at Harvard, Honorary Curator of Museums too numerous to mention, had come down a year ago to study them—though I have not heard if he has been there since; that he had pronounced the collection only second to that of S. P. Avery; and that, as a mark of their appreciation, the Directors of the Maryland Institute and School of Art had appointed him Honorary Curator of these prints. The news travelled to London and *The Times* had the following paragraph on DISCOVERY OF PICTURES. UNSUSPECTED TREASURES IN BALTIMORE: "Among the portfolios bequeathed to the Maryland Institute in Baltimore by the late Mr. George A. Lucas, a collector in Paris, a number of interesting and valuable discoveries have been made. Forty original water-colours by Whistler. . . . Until Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, the Curator of the Boston Museum, visited the Maryland Institute a few days ago, its members were ignorant of the treasures contained in the Lucas portfolios." On his return from his visit to Baltimore in the early spring of 1920, Mr. Carrington stopped over in Philadelphia and called on Mrs. Pennell, then informing her of his discovery of this collection which we had seen sixteen years ago in Paris and the Whistler items of which we had gone over at the Maryland Institute more than a year previous to Mr. Carrington's visit, and this last fact, she told him, somewhat to his astonish-



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ment! Mr. Carrington has more lately informed me that he has also been made Honorary Curator of the Museums in Providence and Detroit. I would suggest that Mr. Carrington be made the only Curator of Prints in America, though he might then come under that Inter-State Trust Act which has dissolved the Standard Oil and other similar combinations. But let me dismiss Mr. Carrington for a moment—though not quite yet for I must refer to the concluding paragraph of his article in *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for December, where he says that he cannot “claim to have found anything” in the Whistler Collection at the Maryland Institute, and I quite agree with him that he cannot.

This Whistler Collection, the property of the late Mr. George A. Lucas of Paris, formed part of the great Lucas Collection left—via Mr. Walters—to his native city some years ago and stored, I believe for several years, in the Maryland Institute, most of it until recently in a state of incredible neglect and confusion. Mr. Lucas and his collection have been perfectly well known for at least sixty years to every student, collector and dealer who knew anything at all. Mr. George A. Lucas was a public institution in Paris. He was a member of a distinguished Baltimore family and was sent to Europe in connection with the Whistler, Winans, Harrison engineering concerns. [I am just informed that Mr. Lucas was S. P. Avery's agent in Paris.] His Paris apartment was a museum, especially of the work of the men of the Thirties. He also collected Barye bronzes and it was he who interested Corcoran and Walters in Barye and got together for them the examples now in the museums at Washington and Baltimore. Another group of Barye water colours and bronzes is in the Maryland Institute, but has barely been referred to by any of the authorities on the great Baltimore discovery, though it is the most important collection within the whole Lucas collection. There are also the palettes of contemporary artists, one of the funniest if, in some ways, extraordinary fads that any one ever went in for. These palettes are set, many of them, with the colours the painters used, and some have original sketches on them by the artists. Was it because they

are catalogued and installed upstairs with the Baryes that Mr. Carrington and the other experts seem to have been unaware of their existence? To go further into the matter, we visited Mr. Lucas on several occasions in Paris, the first visit on February 11th, 1904, when Mrs. Pennell was taken to call on him by M. Théodore Duret. We saw his collections and talked with him of many things. Mr. Carrington, in his article, says “strangely enough Mr. Lucas is barely mentioned in their entertaining biography”—our *Life of Whistler*. I might explain to Mr. Carrington that we were writing the life of Whistler and not of George A. Lucas, to whom we referred as often and at as great length as we thought necessary. But I would think it more accurate on Mr. Carrington's part as a Curator had he said “useful biography,” as he obtained virtually all his facts from it, in the four pages of letter press quoting us eight times and never acknowledging the source of his information once. And the book supplied him also with the information he published on the subject in *The New York Times* of the 21st of November, with no reference to us whatever. We cannot help flattering ourselves on our usefulness to Mr. Carrington. But then in another of his pronouncements he has said his method is never to be original but to get it all out of books—out of our book on this occasion.

But to consider the Whistler collection. It consists of a very varied series of etchings, many of which derive their special interest from their inscriptions from Whistler to Lucas or from Lucas' comments on them, though they amazed Mr. Carrington more as prints. As to the details, I can supply Mr. Carrington with additional information which was written down on February 11th, 1904, but which there was no necessity to publish before. The note will probably have the value of news to Mr. Carrington and other curators:

“Among his etchings was a very fine print of *The Kitchen* which Mr. Lucas said he had picked up a few years ago in an old shop in the Latin Quarter, already framed, for a franc. He had shown it to Whistler, who had signed it for him with name and Butterfly both, as he had a number of others. . . . The way Mr. Lucas came by six prints of *The*



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*George Lucas. one hundred chosen*



*Whistler v. Ruskin*

### ART & ART CRITICS

BY

J. A. MACNEILL WHISTLER



London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

*Thames Set* was interesting. Whistler had sent them to the *Salon* through a dealer, to whom they had been returned when the *Salon* closed. But the dealer refused to give them up to Whistler who owed him some money. Mr. Lucas was in his shop one day and the dealer showed them, abusing Whistler, offering them for sale, saying, 'Why don't your friend, that scoundrel Whistler, pay me what he owes me? As he has not paid me, I shall sell his etchings to whomever will buy them!' Mr. Lucas, who did not like hearing Whistler abused in that sort of fashion, went straight to him and said, 'Look here, you oughtn't to let him go on talking about you like that—you ought to settle with him, if only to stop him.' But Whistler couldn't pay him and asked Mr. Lucas if he wouldn't pay what the dealer asked for the etchings and carry them off—which Mr. Lucas did. It was only, he said,

for the trifling sum of a hundred or a hundred and fifty francs the dealer was behaving so abominably, and it was for that sum Mr. Lucas got the etchings. Whistler insisted that he should keep them and signed them all with name and Butterfly."

The Butterfly, however, was probably signed much later. Whistler had a way of signing early prints and books with later Butterflies when they were brought to him and he was especially pleased with them. This we have seen him do and he did it for us. It will no doubt also be news to Mr. Carrington, as it was to the authorities at the Maryland Institute when I spoke of it and looked for the work in Baltimore, to hear that an oil painting of Lucas by Whistler has disappeared from the collection. Mrs. Pennell described it in her notes and I publish the description now for the first time. There was besides a



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PLATE FROM THOMPSON CATALOGUE

J. MC N. WHISTLER

water colour of Maud that has disappeared from among the forty water colours said to be in the collection. I quote again from the note of February 11th, 1904:

"Mr. Lucas brought out a portrait of himself in oils which Whistler had done, or rather begun, once when staying with him in his place in the country. There had been only two sittings and then Whistler had not been able to stand the country any longer and had hurried away. It is a small portrait—anticipating the Holloway, Hannay, Crockett portraits. A label, stating that it is the result of two sittings with the date, is on the back, and the date is 1886. Mr. Lucas was therefore twenty years almost younger, but it is still like. He stands, facing you, in a loose blue-black coat and trousers, cane in hand, against a brown background, charming in colour, full of character, and finished according to Whistler's definition. Mr. Lucas said it was characteristic that, as he heard afterwards, Whistler was much concerned about it—had asked some one who had seen it whether it was really beautiful, really his best—he did not want anything that was not to remain.

"Mr. Lucas also showed me a wonderful little water-colour of a woman in bed reading—a portrait of Maud, he said, a sketch, the background simply suggested, but the pose, the arrangement, the colour with all Whistler's charm. That, Mr. Lucas said, for the real lover of Whistler, was perfect."

The Lucas family and the Trustees of the Institute do not know what has become of these two works. I might add incidentally that I am afraid at least one of the most important prints, the *Annie Haden* in big crinoline and soup-plate hat, has vanished. When invited to lecture at the Maryland Institute on January 23rd, 1919, I found the walls of the Lecture Room covered with the Lucas etchings, displayed in a most indecent and slovenly manner. This I believe was the first time they were shown to the public. I returned with a Baltimore collector the next morning and went through all the prints and letters and other documents—all in the most hopeless confusion,—and it was then, if I remember, that I saw the *Annie Haden*.

Among other things, on our last visit December 17th, a number of the destroyed plates



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REJECTED DRAWING FROM THE THOMPSON CATALOGUE

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were produced as great rarities, though the entire series was issued within an unlettered book cover by the Fine Art Society, London. Of this detail the Honorary Curator does not seem to have informed the Institute authorities—or did he know it himself? He ignores them entirely in his article. The first time we saw Mr. Lucas' set was in 1904. He had lent

the prints from the destroyed plates to M. Duret who was writing his *Whistler* and who showed them to us in the bound volume in his Paris apartment on February 10th. The next day, the 11th, Lucas referred to it. He said, "They were plates mostly Whistler had destroyed when he was sold out in his Chelsea house after the Ruskin trial—some very





WATER COLOUR (WINDSOR CASTLE?)

J. McN. WHISTLER



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SKETCH OF  
ROSA CORDER

J. MC N.  
WHISTLER

rare. Mr. Lucas said he had not collected and bound them himself, but had bought the Album as it is at a sale at the Hotel Drouot. One or two he had taken out, though destroyed, to complete his incomplete sets of certain of the etchings." All those now in the Lucas Collection have been taken out of the cover which has disappeared. I bought a copy in London, at the Dowdeswell sale at Christie's in 1917, and it is now in our Whistler Collection in the Print Division of the Library of Congress.

The large number of letters from Whistler, Dr. Whistler, Maud, and others to Lucas seem to have been a revelation to the Honorary Curator, though, when we saw them two years ago and expressed an interest in them, the Maryland Institute sent us copies of the complete collection. There were then several letters from and about Mr. Frederick Keppel, which seem to have disappeared. At any rate, on our last visit, the Director did not show them. On the other hand we found a letter from Whistler to Lucas which we had not seen and which contained valuable confirmation of facts we had long been wanting to get.

The most important part of the collection, the greatest find, remains to be considered: *The Unknown Whistler Originals; The Forty Water Colours; The Masterpieces in Art; The Forty Whistler Drawings; The Art Discovery*; as the papers have described it, telling us that these gems of the collection had been kept very quiet, that no one had seen them. We certainly had not, and on the 17th of Decem-



SKETCH OF  
CONNIE GILCHRIST

J. MC N.  
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ber we visited Baltimore. Everything was delightfully displayed for us by the new Director, Mr. Alon Bement, who, in the short time that he has been connected with the School, has had the Whistler prints mounted, frames made for them, and now proposes to show them in series of fifty at a time and thus make known in the best manner what is undoubtedly a very interesting collection. He has also fitted up a gallery in which they are to be exhibited, and in this good work he is being supported by the people of Baltimore. We saw many things of which we were glad to make notes for our own personal use—a photograph of the destroyed version of *The Fur Jacket* with Whistler's title for it in Whistler's writing underneath: *Arrangement in Brown*; another photograph of the destroyed full-length portrait of Maud, one of two we published in the *Life*, again with the title in his writing: *Harmony in Flesh Colour and Red*; a copy of his *Art and Art Critics* with the inscription *George Lucas avec bien des choses*, signed with the Butterfly; rare newspaper cuttings; a few lithographs, mostly from the publications to which he contributed them, though one or two are genuine proofs and signed. But our chief interest was in the forty water colours and at these we first looked. There certainly was one water colour we do not remember to have seen before. Then the others were shown to us. Two were pencil sketches, one of the *Connie Gilchrist*, one of the *Rosa Corder*, on pieces of blue writing paper—sketches such as Whistler often made from memory to show what he was working at, and probably these two were made in this way for Lucas. Similar sketches are reproduced in the "entertaining biography." A pen sketch of the *Miss Alexander* on the back of an invitation also was probably done to show Lucas the design. And then came the gem of the whole collection—a photo-engraving of this pen drawing placed among the originals, sketch and reproduction described as "two pen-and-ink drawings." Next, we found what we had especially come to see—"the twenty-two water colours that were made for the porcelains for the Thompson Catalogue." We were interested for we knew, and all those who know anything knew, that the original drawings for

the *Catalogue of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain Forming the Collection of Sir Henry Thompson* are owned by Mr. Pickford Waller of London. We also knew, and Mr. Frederick Keppel knew that another set of these drawings had come up for sale, for Mr. Keppel had some of them and sold them, so that Mr. Carrington, who we think was in Mr. Keppel's employ at the time, should have known it too. A second set was astonishing. But that a third set should suddenly appear was paralyzing. Was another Whistler mystery looming up—or what? And we hurried to Baltimore. Thirty-six drawings besides were to be accounted for. We looked once. We looked twice. We looked at each other. We looked three times. And then we looked at the Director, and we said, "Nineteen"—the Director had said twenty two—"we think are bad proofs rejected by the Autotype Company in London. One is a drawing in wash, and a very bad one by Whistler, the reason it was never used. Indeed, the fact is stated in the French language in Mr. Lucas' handwriting across the top, '*Dessin original de Whistler non employé dans le catalogue de Sir Henry Thompson.*' 'Not to be used' is written below in English. The letter lying with the drawings which you do not seem to have quite understood and which the Honorary Curator does not seem to have noticed, is from Mr. Murray Marks, who edited the Catalogue, to 'Dear Philippe,' possibly Philippe Burty. In it he speaks of these prints, and the letter is written in English, dated March 9th, 1899, with the address 23A Old Bond Street: 'After a long search I succeeded in finding a complete set of proofs among my valuable collection of oddments and posted them to you yesterday. The plate marked 'not to be used' was not included in the catalogue. Please present these to our mutual friend with my kind regards.' Even Marks made a blunder for what he calls 'plate' is an original drawing." There is a reference to the series in Mrs. Pennell's note of February 11th, 1904. "Mr. Lucas has also a collection of proofs of the reproduction of the drawings for the Catalogue of the Collection of Porcelain, with one original drawing."

It is of course too much to ask that an Honorary Curator should be able to distinguish



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PEN SKETCH OF MISS ALEXANDER

J. MC N. WHISTLER

between an original and a reproduction, but it does seem strange that he is not able to count and cannot account for thirty-eight missing water colours. Now I know what Mr. Carrington will say, which is that he did not say it, just as he said that he did not find anything. But if Mr. Carrington did not say any of these things, he allowed the press of this country and England, including the art critics so-called and the curators, to discuss this find, to discuss these forty water colours, to give him the credit for discovering them,

and if he knew the statements to be false, he has made no attempt to repudiate them, to deny them here or when they have been repeated in good faith in journals of repute in Europe. It seems a curious position to find himself in for a Curator of the Print Room of the Boston Museum, a lecturer at Harvard University, and an Honorary Curator of we do not know how many museums besides. But Mr. Carrington has found something. He has found a mare's nest and put his foot in it.



## *Landscape Painting in America*

**L**ANDSCAPE PAINTING IN  
AMERICA  
ERNEST LAWSON  
BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN the development of pure landscape painting, the work of Ernest Lawson contributes an element of distinction. And in its own development, it has attained a refinement and balance of expression that give it both vitality and charm. It has all the qualities of modernity, but it is not ultra-modern. It links with the past through formulas that have stood the acid test of cosmic laws,—in places where the past is not an official guide but only an interested witness. It has individuality and sobriety and power. It strikes a balance, in its latest development, between colour and form. It pays a tribute to the poet's ideal of beauty and recognizes at the same time the moulding influence of the material fact. For Mr. Lawson has a very refined sense of colour and a sophisticated sense of form; and in the use of both he has developed a technique that is wholly his own.

Once in Spain he had some trouble in finding the formula that gives his recent work its adequate expression. He could not strike a balance between colour and form. He heard the sirens of the rainbow call and he followed them to a land of melodies in opal tints and symphonies in turquoise hues. His canvases, painted there, have a jewel-like quality, indeed, and are deeply, though not mawkishly, emotional. There is an intensity and brilliancy in his pigment that are reminiscent of an Andalusian landscape in the haze and glow of dawn; and there is a subtlety in his impasto that suggests the powder of a butterfly's wing on the rim of a rose or the frost on the mulch under a sudden shaft of light. They give us the feeling, these Spanish canvases, that the artist, in moments of conscious restraint, has only been able to control his accents, which depend wholly upon line. But rhythm, which depends more on colour, sometimes overcomes his most sustained effort.

The trees in these canvases, the winding roads, the bridges, the cathedral towers, the very rocks seem to be lost in a diffusion of colour and light. Opacities in a nearby view melt into harmonies; articulations of distance

are composed into fugues. Even some of the details of tonality are striking. Ernest Lawson, in his prodigality, does not overlook the precious coin. We see it, particularly in his chiaroscuro, well spent or well invested, and it yields us a rare joy. The play of reflections upon surfaces, the fugitive waves of light and shade that give his greens especially a rare distinction, the subtle blending that sometimes bridges an obvious break in the composition, even the shadow of clouds promenading on terraces beneath cathedral towers,—they are all there to remind us that this prodigal has lapses of abstention in which he evinces a subtle appreciation of inner beauty and ethereal effects.

Few artists can be consistent in Spain, or can, at least, resist the temptations it holds forth. Because it is superficially a man's country and officially a bull's, its grace and charm are often lost on canvas in an atmosphere of feigned virility; and its ruggedness here and there is translated into an idiom of brutal power. The atmosphere of romantic idealism, so vibrant and absorbing, is made subservient by the modern artist to the reality of the street and the arena. But Ernest Lawson has not been seduced by these superficial brilliancies. He sought the more enduring, the more real. Even here, however, artists often lose themselves in the architectural mazes of the country or in its opulence of color. The result is either too pictorial or too chromatically amorphous. And although Mr. Lawson was irresistibly drawn one way or the other at different times, there is evidence in his Spanish canvases, slight as it is, of the chaste quality and the restraint that mark his more recent work. There is no break, in other words, in the development of his style and technique.

I take *Segovia* as an example that fairly represents his qualities and his faults of that period. As an achievement in colour, it leaves little to be desired. The high note in the symphony echoes deep and wide; the very rocks seem to respond to the pink adobes of the city's roofs; and the underglow throughout is superb. But as a composition, it could have been improved upon. The cathedral that dominates the city could have been made to dominate both the city and the hills; and thus,



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SEGOVIA

ERNEST LAWSON

by eliminating a little architecture in the shifting, the pictorial effects would have been avoided and a better focus obtained.

Judging from these canvases one would say that Mr. Lawson is primarily a colourist. He is more. He is a stylist with a sense of form as real, though not always as apparent, as his sense of colour. His compositions are intellectual efforts that often succeed from sheer determination. His feelings are expressed in the richly shaded articulations of his mind. And yet, there is always a softly swelling melody in his tones. He knows, however, that intensity, particularly in the lyric mood, often kills a melody or a colour, and tonality always saves them. If he did not, his work would not have attained its present state of development. No, I can not imagine this artist rushing at Nature with a brush.

He is deliberate and calm; he feels deeply, but seldom without reason. He knows the value of colour and form in their dependence upon each other.

It was one of Cézanne's ideas that the richer the colour the fuller the form;—or, the deeper the feeling the more pleasing the aspect. But this is true only when colour gathers opulence of light and tone and thus begins to act upon form, effecting its measure, giving it an added poise, a solid footing. To be sure, colour goes first, leads the way. This is the most accepted of cosmogonic hypotheses. From the greyish, bluish, purplish nebula, the planet takes form.

And colour in Ernest Lawson's work goes first, leads the way to wherever there is beauty in nature—beauty of rhythm, of tone, of line, of volume. His technique does not hold his



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CATHEDRAL HEIGHTS

ERNEST LAWSON

vision in subjection. His intensity is overshadowed, in his New York and New Hampshire scenes, by his opulence. He is not afraid, in his recent work, of looking at nature in a straightforward manner and treating her with a simplicity that yields only to his delicate aesthetic apprehensions. The poetic grace is sustained in his most vigorous moments. Indeed, there is a tenderness in his power that holds one a willing captive. That is why, perhaps, a hesitation is sometimes detected in his line. But the tonal opulence more than compensates for the casual lack of decision.

Does not this seem inevitable, however, in the work of a stylist, which has a finished sophistication and an individuality of expression and feeling? And what is decision's place

in a flow of dreamy loveliness from the palette of a lyric poet? Mr. Lawson, however, recognizes here the importance of the decorative, although he does not always take as much interest in the formally balanced line and the rhythmic pattern as he does in the mass of light and colour and shade. These he follows with a supreme devotion. More in the suggestion than the expression, is he a seeker of the beautiful. That is why, in places where we least expect beauty, he surprises us with a charming testimony of its presence. The hemlocks of the Bronx, the birches of the hills of New Hampshire, even the cloud shadows of Spuyten Duyvel are all expressive of the penetrating eye of the artist and his more penetrating sense of colour and atmosphere and design. He is as eloquent in his repres-



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sions in these canvases as he is in his tonalities. The aesthetic gesture emphasizes the chastened feeling.

*Morning Light* is a good example of his idea of a landscape, pure and simple. It fairly illustrates his developed style and technique, and represents him in a particularly happy mood. It is very pleasing as a whole; in detail, it is charming. His shades of green—he certainly can paint greens—have a rare distinction. The water is rich with reflections and atmospheric effects. Even the rocks have a jewel-like quality. One may quarrel with his trees, which look sometimes like shadows twixt heaven and earth. But seen from a proper distance and in their surroundings, they are quite real, and very pleasing and assuring. In *Morning Light* they give a distinct charm to the composition and the scene.

So too in *Cathedral Heights*, which will also

serve as an instance of Mr. Lawson's keen artistic perceptions. *St. John the Divine* has been the subject of criticism and abuse ever since the masons abandoned it in an unfinished state. A monstrous amorphous pile, we exclaim, and turn away from it. But the artist sees it in its setting, and lo, a masterpiece. The curtain of trees and the winding road offset and balance the massive pile on the heights; and the difficulty that the artist encountered, which would have resulted in the obvious academic defect of cutting the picture in half, is overcome by the tonalities that hold it, in a masterly blending, together. I wonder, when the edifice is completed, if Lawson's *Cathedral Heights* could be improved upon. Considered from every point of view, it is, to my mind, one of his best achievements, strong and firm and fine.



MORNING LIGHT

ERNEST LAWSON



## The Artist and the Paint Pot

### THE ARTIST AND THE PAINT POT—A PSYCHOLOGICAL INDUCTION.

BY JOHN WINSTANLEY

Two great authorities have hinted at the distinction—at the fact that when every dabbler in paint is an artist, the attributes of the Muse become more multivarious than is consistent with the feelings of a perfect lady. George Moore has said that great art sees, feels, dreams—reasons never; and “Hizzoner,” Mayor Hylan, with magnificent genius for generalization and delicate grace of gesture, has referred to “art artists.” Now as it is well known that greatness never so far condescends, the labour of particularization devolves upon the lowly critic, and even though he come face to face in a tulgy wood, with William Shakespeare and that Wiffing Jabberwauk “What-is-art,” he must, in Her defense, mount his rampant literary hack and break in a lance; be it no better than a hop pole, stripped to the “altogether” in strict accord with Treasury Department Firmin. Hence this show of force; of course, attempted with the prayer that *fortes fortuna adjuvat*, as Noah Webster so aptly puts it. Nevertheless, we do not forget that fortune favours the wise also; therefore, it were perhaps as well not to attack from the front but from the flank—from an entirely new angle, if one can be found. The usual fate of the artistic dragon slayer is most distressing. Generally he rides his Pegasus to death amid the wilds of the utmost confines and is last beheld sitting upon the edge of Cosmos, with his feet hanging over helplessly. As we do not desire this crown of Martyrdom and—pinning our immediate faith more to the typewriter than the ouija,—wish to remain on the earth, we had likely better never leave it. Anyway, there is almost enough humanity in artists for their work to be considered from a purely mundane point of view, so—let’s go.

It is unquestioned that there exists in the minds of the *hoi polloi*—and of other competent judges as well—considerable confusion as between the genius who paints pictures, and the luckless wight who paints Art. Just why the former is not an artist, they cannot under-

stand, and what kind of a being an artist may be, none of them know, save the omnipotent American Business Man, whose opinion we are not, fortunately, bound to accept. That there exists two classes of artists—aside from the commercial, newspaper and magazine monstrosity—is obvious. One is represented by the man whose work is accepted generally and accorded the validity of a college diploma, and the other forms the basis for the venerable artist-garret joke; which to him who lacks an independent income, is no joke at all. The former finds no difficulty in making himself understood. His progress, from his school days to his column obituary and subsequent oblivion in the Hall of Fame, is consistent. If his ability is exceptional, he passes over the art world a brilliant meteor, leaving in his train worn-out fonts of type, worn-out drawing room rugs and worn-out bank books; but the latter seldom till late in life gets even a hearing, and even then his popularity is but *x* in the equation. He appears in the school and the exhibitions—when they will let him—and between times fades from view, his very existence unknown save to the discerning few. Usually arteriosclerosis claims him while in such state; sometimes he is rescued alive, but whatever his fate, he leaves his imprint upon the art of the world. Alive he is dead; dead he is sought after. When the final act of the little drama is over, and a sketch of his life is appended—in agate—to the record auction price of the year, the average man, the man on the street, slumping to the back of his neck in his office chair, and waving his strangely strong Connecticut perfecto, delivers the verdict: that the trouble with that fellow was, he was unbusinesslike. He should have painted what people wanted—produced a marketable commodity.

Now, granting that the difference between these two examples is fundamental, and no mere matter of supply and demand, still—*vox populi, vox Dei*—may it not be possible to find in this view, trite and commonplace as it is, the germ of a sound hypostasis which will enable us to define the respective artistic characteristics of these two men; for it must be apparent that the easily accepted work, that type of painting which passes unquestioned,



## *The Artist and the Paint Pot*

must follow the line of least resistance—must be something readily comprehended by the mass—and assuming that both painters are sincere men, neither willing to capitalize the known public weaknesses, and of approximate ability; then the capacity for general appeal must be inherent in the work and an index of the attributes of its producer. Let us then see if it be possible to determine the mass preference; that quality in painting to which it will soonest react favourably, that we may apply it as a unit of measurement.

Fortunately for the reader, the answer to the problem is at hand and if we are to believe history, as written on the rocks in prehistoric times, has always, since the dawn of the art instinct, stood ready for our reading. Speaking of the drawings on the walls of caves in France, made during the Quaternary period, M. Reinach remarks that their most striking quality is realism—that fancy seems to be absolutely excluded; and if we, in our turn, review in our memory those canvases which have from time to time been generally acclaimed; confining ourselves to such as were accepted casually, winning flattering and favourable comment from the profession, laymen and press, without arousing contention in this or that quarter; we cannot help but conclude that their basic quality is one with the productions of the man who hunted the bison and reindeer ten thousand years ago. One of the writer's earliest recollections of a demonstration of public approval is of that which was bestowed upon a painting depicting the varied ordnance with which Uncle Rastus was wont to hunt the toothsome red head duck—generally sold as a canvas back—all represented as hanging upon a barn door. Although it seemingly would have been quite possible to fire the guns and pick the feathers—doubtless the bones as well—the quality for which each spectator most loudly demanded approval from his fellow at his elbow, was the painting of the nail upon which the collection hung and which appeared to stick out from its background as nothing but a nail or the face of an Academy portrait ever could or can. Although freely admitting the puerility of such an example when contrasted with those seen upon varnishing days and at hushed gatherings, it

nevertheless remains that that nail is symbolical of painting as generally accepted and appreciated. It has been reproduced in the catalogues of exhibitions and written about in the press; it has fastened most of the names to the roll of membership of the various art societies, and supported the picture of the year; aside from publicity, it has always proved the strongest magnet to draw the Price from the purchaser, and, driven with matchless facility, it has served as the peg for a great and deserved Reputation.

The technical proof of a common genesis for all realistic pictures lies in the possibility of comparing both the very bad and the very good, point for point and quality for quality. Were it possible to place Uncle Rastus' gun and game bag beside a portrait by the accepted master, we could judge each from the other; never being at a loss for contrasting qualities. Seen together, faults would be instantly apparent. The former would be niggardly in drawing, the latter incisive; the first would lack atmosphere, the second have it in abundance; the implements of Rastus would be as dead and black as himself, the colour of the masterpiece virile; and in addition, it would show a mastery of the medium as against laborious, limping execution. These, and a hundred other charges we might bring against the first, but—and this is the vital point—we would never stand bewildered, asking of ourselves, if one were painting, what on earth could the other be. We would at once recognize a very good and very bad work, but consider both as painting. Deciding in which of the pictures the objects had been worthily represented, we would fall to admiring it from instincts which psychology tells us are two of the strongest of human traits; the love of the "stunt" and the love of craftsmanship. One and all we wonder at the seeming impossibility being accomplished—life counterfeited—and one and all we admire good work—the thing well done according to such conventional standards as we may have acquired since our primary amazement at the thing being done at all. Is it then, not logical to infer that this quality—Realism—alone, constitutes the line of least resistance, and that the easy position of the first painter is due to his psychological simili-





PORTRAIT OF  
MADAME X

JOHN S.  
SARGENT

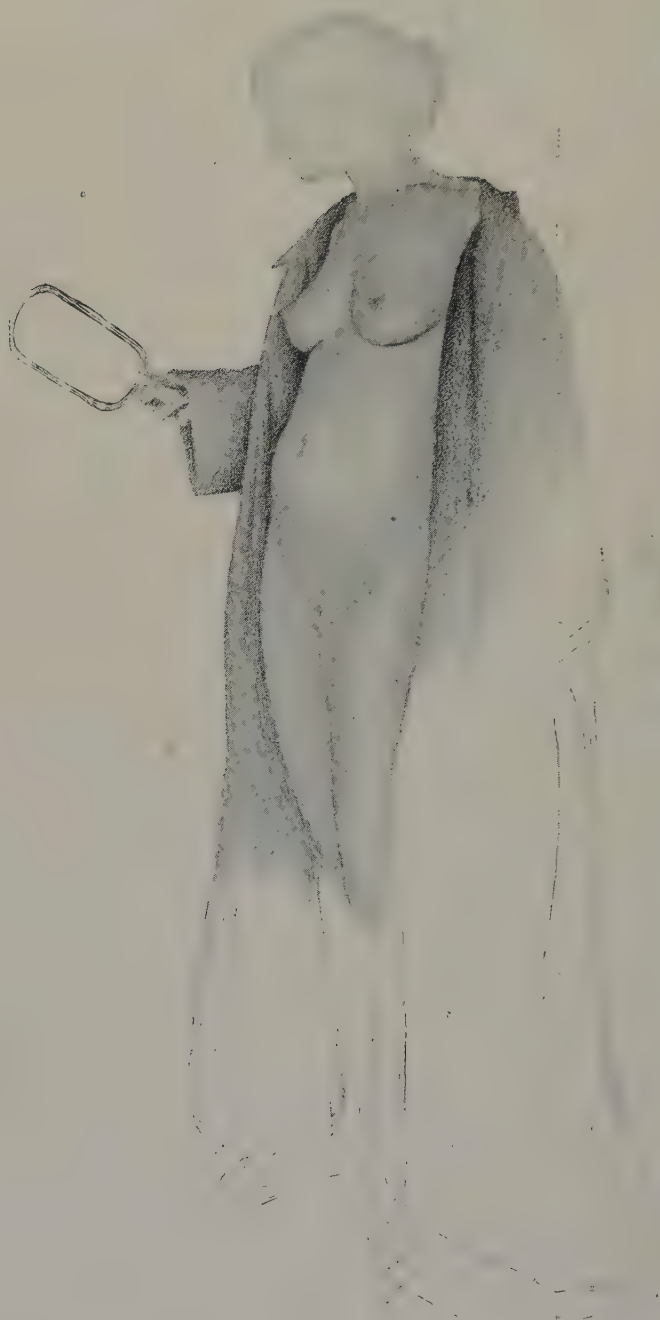




PORTRAIT OF  
MISS FLORENCE LEYLAND

JAMES McNEILL  
WHISTLER





**Drawing I**





Drawing II.



## *The Artist and the Paint Pot*

tude to the mass; that by this very nature he is the representer in paint, pure and simple? Also that our conception of good painting is purely physical, depending solely upon the development of our senses, plus facility?

This admitted, it becomes easy to analyze the character and sense the limitations of both the painter and painting. Purely objective, his work, aside from technical mannerisms, is almost as impersonal as the photograph, which tells us nothing of the photographer. More than that, he possesses marvellously trained eyes, and at times amazing dexterity, we may not know, and in this respect, when hanging upon the walls of the museum, his canvases seem like orphans in an orphanage. Psychologically he is but a unit of the crowd, sharing its interests, work, amusements, joys and sorrows; thinking its thoughts and seeing its sights as it sees them; differing from the masses only in that he alone has the ability to mimic upon canvas the realities surrounding them, and perhaps, in so doing, add that atmosphere of material opulence which constitutes the common ideal, or lends to plainness the semblance of physical beauty. And these things he is able to do as the mechanic is able to reproduce the model, or erect a building from drawing; singing at his work and mulling the memory of the previous merry night, or enjoying in imagination the anticipated frolic, while his trained eye and hand execute habitually the conventional forms and colours. What *he* may be is beside the mark. All he needs be is a craftsman. So long as he can use his dexterous eyes and hands, he can be either angel or devil, accomplished man of the world or a piece of common clay; and his subject a Duchess or a Dutch cheese. If he is a good workman the Duchess will look her part and the cheese will look its part, and that's all there is to the matter.

Leaving the painter to squirm upon the hook; where, he will doubtless believe, we have very casually hung him higher than Hayman; let us see what an analysis of the mass can tell us of that other man at whom it jibes and jeers. A crowd jeers as it is told, at what it cannot understand, and at what it considers as pretense in anyone who affects to see or think differently from itself. It requires but

little psychological observation to discover that its ideals are conventionally commonplace, and that to pass current with it, a coin must have a loud ring. Always so, this is intensified in the present age of commercial exploitation. Hitherto, ignorance was merely lack of information and complacency was complacency; the frozen mind was regarded as a misfortune, but in our time the influence of business is paramount, and business has found it profitable to toady to common weaknesses, confirming them by so doing; till vanity, not decency; sentimentality, not sentiment; levity, not wit; sensation, not pleasure; allurements, not love; all sometimes legal tender with the crowd, have been exalted to the dignity of an established currency. With such a condition added to the heritage of centuries, during which externality and expediency became dogmas, we cannot wonder that the mass, while applauding the facile rendition of the obvious to which it was always accustomed (see Sargent's *Portrait of Madame X*), is ready to regard him who would paint otherwise somewhat as a heretic; and as the gammon yearns to muss the Sunday clothed boy, and the corner crowd to swat the silk hat, so must the mass have its fling at one who sees a world where to them there is but a star, or a round world where they see a flat one.

Such universal attitude, together with its universal application, proves most enlightening regarding the character of the artist. Clearly, this strange man "who takes no joy in the ways of his fellows" is out of tune with his time—an anomaly; either mentally erratic or one of the exceptional few whose subconscious activities result in more than the formation of habits. As in the end his sanity is admitted, and as even the crowd itself, after a long period when no longer annoyed by his goad, fashions itself upon his model (Oscar Wilde's statement that nature follows art being true), we can only conclude that he is that curious compound of action and dreams, sometimes resulting in the iconoclast. Dissatisfied with things as they are, he becomes one of the band of eternal pioneers. Where the painter, content, seeks nothing beyond that which is ready at hand, the artist senses something further. For him the material



## *The Artist and the Paint Pot*

world is not the final word, and a mere reproduction of a rock-strewn hill, a watered and fruitful valley, or the physical characteristics of the model; each arranged according to certain "rules" of composition; is not sufficient.

Not but what he recognizes the merit in literal truth and respects it in a painting as much as another. Correct modelling, texture, colour, rendering broadly in facile brush work, appeals to his sense of craftsmanship as to that of any other man and he is willing to become enthusiastic over the cleverness of the painter, but after all it seems to him merely cleverness akin to juggling. Even though a painting seemingly could exist of itself alone, solely because of being a beautiful object, as a gem is beautiful, it still would not intrigue him, for he feels that nothing can have an abiding place in art apart from the personal message of its producer—that if the artist has nothing to say there can be no real art. That after all, art is a language in which something is sought to be conveyed, and as this something cannot be merely a story without the art being merely illustration, or a fact without the art being a treatise, or even the exceptional, without art descending to the anecdotal, there remains only the emotional. Therefore, he considers art as the means for communicating the inexpressible, not for the stating of physical facts—see Whistler's *Portrait of Miss Leyland*)—a something which composers, being through the very nature of things practically beyond the reach of realism—knew from the beginning.

Whether he is analytical or not, the artist feels this instinctively. He does not confuse it with symbolism, knowing well that the symbol is but a shorthand character representing a concrete idea; whereas, far from being general property, his ideas are not even formed and thus cannot manifest themselves

definitely through the conscious mind. Under the normal characteristics of the visible world the artist senses others, existing in a kind of artistic fourth dimension, and it is these he tries to express. What such qualities actually are, whether they really exist as separate manifestations of energy, or are but the reflection of his own personality, as is generally considered, is a subject for the metaphysician. The fact remains that the artist realizes an unperceived and therefore dormant quality of nature; that whether he takes his material from some vast storehouse of hereditary memories or receives it from some extraneous source, the very fact that he does not derive it from any casual appearance of nature is his especial distinction.

This conclusion, arrived at briefly and by a seeming backhanded method, may not at first glance appear startling; but reflection will reveal that the paths indicated are not parallel but divergent, and that followed consistently, they part the painter and artist immeasurably. However, it should be remembered that the painter has here been represented in an extreme that is seldom met with, save in the portrait studio; for where the artist clothes the abstract in the garment of realism, the painter generally clothes realism with art. Thus Drawing I is primarily a realistic drawing, while Drawing II is first of all an arrangement of line rhythm and mass balance and only secondarily a woman. This fact, which suggests the possibility of environment rather than nature, bearing the responsibility for the painter's development, eases the way for the author's apology for any seeming prejudice. The Pantheon of Art holds so many images that a personal preference is essential. Therefore, each of us can but say with the Sage of the Vidas: "Though I know that the Gods are One; still for me, there is none like the lotus-eyed Krishna."





*Reproduced by Courtesy E. Weyhe*

THE  
TEMPLE

FROM THE AQUATINT  
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



## Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints



THE GUIDING  
SPIRIT

FROM THE DRYPOINT BY  
ARTHUR B. DAVIES

### A RTHUR B. DAVIES: A MURAL- IST IN PRINTS BY HENRY TYRRELL

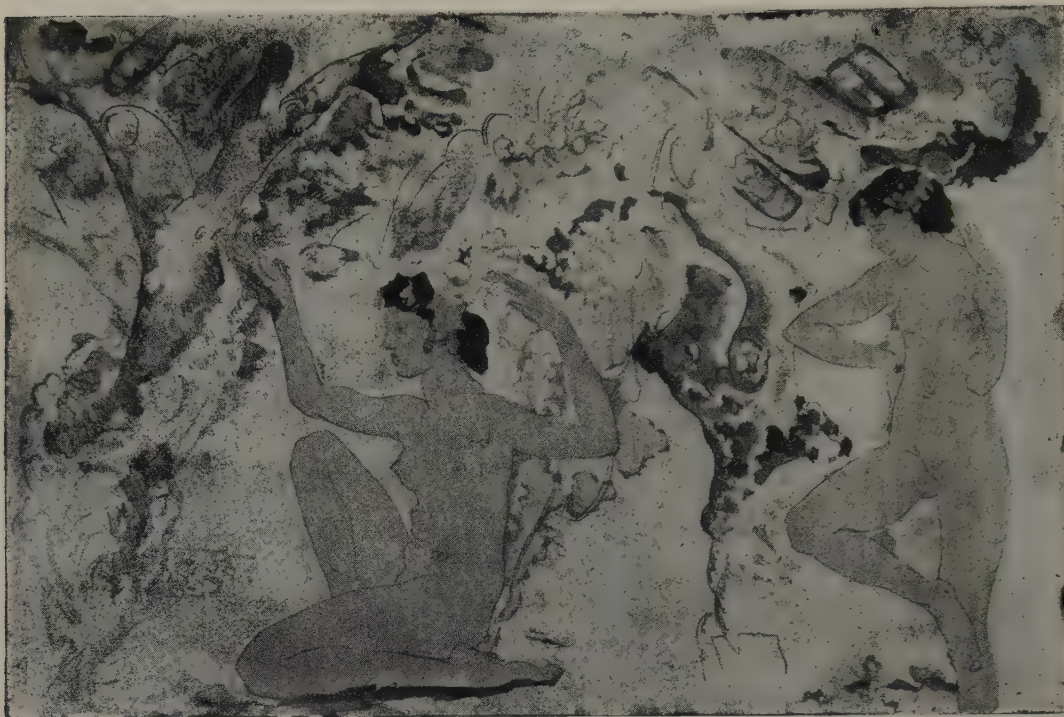
BECAUSE Arthur B. Davies occupies a unique position in modern art—or, more accurately, because he is a unique figure who cannot be placed at all, at any given stage, unless relatively to his whole career—peculiar interest attaches to the recent exhibition, at the Weyhe Galleries in New York, of his etchings, aquatints and lithographs, supplemented with a few specially selected water colour sketches. The interest, as we shall see, involves something even more significant than the disquieting charm of the prints themselves, in which incidentally a new technique has developed—a motley of rich, strange and imaginatively suggestive effects of glamorous light and mystic voluptuous shade. They are

a surprise, truly, coming from the rainbow-chasing painter of *Dreams*, *Castalia*, *The Girdle of Aries*, and symbolic *Unicorns* in purple-flushed classic vales of faery lands forlorn. Yet the elusive intimate quality of Davies is here, all the regal poetic allure, diffused through vanishing rhythmic lines and floating prismatic hues, translated into velvet tones and silver sheen of black-and-white. It was somewhat sudden, nevertheless, this versatile graphic show, for the conservative, methodical collector. Doubtless there will be heartbreak in the recollection of opportunities overlooked, when one day these prints now so prodigally scattered to the winds shall have become rare and priceless.

This is the first comprehensive exhibition of Davies's graphic work, all of comparatively recent date, which when accounted in the catalogue raisonné now in preparation by Mr.



## Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints



AUTUMN

FROM THE AQUATINT BY  
ARTHUR B. DAVIES

Carl Zigrosser will be found to embrace at least seventy-five etchings and aquatints and some threescore lithos. These constitute, as has been noted, a positive technical contribution to contemporary art, particularly in the fascinating but complex and tricky medium of aquatint. In the showing at Weyhe's they had the accompanying commentary of a selection of closely related water colours, supplying the necessary connecting link between Davies's paintings and his prints. In a sense, he is always working in terms of colour. He is first, last and all the time a potential muralist.

Important as it is, then, this graphic work of Davies in no wise stands as a finality. Regarded by themselves, as prints *per se*, these things are in a measure meaningless, despite their personal distinction, their omnipresent intimations of beauty in countless forms and aspects. From the detached viewpoint, they are indeed "vague," "fragmentary," even

"cubistic," as certain myopic critics have written, for want of more definite characterization. But seen in relation to the artist's whole work and already determined ultimate aspiration, they are as one strophe in a grandiose symphonic poem.

Whatever else these etchings and lithographs are or are not, first of all they constitute records of the artist's study of pure form, and of form in its most subtle interpretation through colour. They represent so many spiritual adventures in search of expression. Their trend is all in one direction. They have a common motive, a single dominating theme, carried through variations infinite. That theme is the undraped human figure. In this supreme model the artist finds ready to hand all his enchanting shapes hewn in the living marble of the human flesh—fragments of statues lovely as the relics of antique imaged gods.

He is standing face to face with primal beauty and nobility. This he strives to catch





REQUIEM

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH  
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



## Arthur B. Davies: A Muralist in Prints

in reflection upon the magic mirror which is his art. For a few brief moments he fain would divert us from the accustomed banalities of Use and Wont that daily life has interposed between our true selves and the eternal reality. So, the artist is not dealing in abstractions, after all. What he reveals to us is, as Bergson has so finely said, only a more direct vision of reality. "Realism is in the work when idealism is in the soul."

Sometimes the motive of a plate is but a fleeting shadow, curve, contour or gesture, expressed in a single figure or part of a figure—as in *The Antique Mirror*, for example—drawn in the consummately *déagé* manner that Degas might have drawn it. Or it may involve an experiment with the grain and texture of the aquatint ground, over which the artist trails the biting acid with a brush, on the hazard of some enchanting effect like the *Palace Under the Sea*. Then again there will occur a group so symmetrically balanced and structurally sound, so exquisitely inter-related in spatial arrangement, that the artist must perforce complete it to a pictorial unity. Then he gives it an identifying title in accord with

his naturally poetic fancy—for with Davies there is generally a smack of classic ambrosia. Hence the *Pleiades*, *Guiding Spirit*, *Pompeian Veil*, *Autumn*, and the rest.

The aquarelles, in some instances, are colour sketches for the Greek idyls, romantic symbolisms and Dionysian dancers figured forth in etching or drypoint. But the most interesting of all the water colours is the composition tentatively called *Reconstruction*—a pictured epic of modern civilization in twentieth century America. This, it is understood, is the design for a mural decoration to be placed in some public building in Washington, D. C. In this conception, Niagara, pouring forth power in the roseate flush of dawn, is the Castalia from which the modern Muses of Art, Science and Invention are nourished.

All these things belong on the walls and ceilings of men's homes, market guildhouses, and temples. They are for fresco. They serve as preliminary notice that Architecture, mother of the arts, is once again calling home her own. Twentieth century painting must go back to the wall.



RECONSTRUCTION

FROM THE WATER COLOUR  
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

## Words . . . Words

### WORDS . . . WORDS AN EDITORIAL

In re Pennell-Carrington. The article on the "Undiscovered Whistlers" was printed for Mr. Pennell's first-hand information on Whistler, not for Mr. Pennell's opinions on curators. I have before me the whole correspondence leading up to this article, and if I thought that it would amuse casual readers as much as it has amused me, I would publish it. But I fear that too much explanation would be necessary.

But the story must be told. Last May Mr. Carrington visited Baltimore, and being shown over the Maryland Institute, was interested in the Lucas Collection and made some suggestions as to cataloguing, exhibiting and so on. The trouble then, as always, at the Maryland Institute, was lack of funds (Baltimorians please note!). In appreciation of his services at that time Mr. Carrington was made Honorary Curator of the Collection. He then went to Europe, and in his own words "forgot all about it." What was his surprise, when, six months later, he saw his name in the newspapers connected with a *Great Whistler Find* and began to receive a deluge of letters and telegrams asking for information.

Among the latter was one from myself. I received a puzzled reply, but reiterating my demand for an article, extracted from Mr. Carrington in an incredibly short space of time the one published in December. At once I saw that something was wrong. Here was nothing new. But the article was interesting, so in it went.

It was not until some weeks later that I heard the true story of the "find." It appears that the Maryland Institute was, as usual, "hard up." Too hard up, in fact, to carry out Mr. Carrington's suggestions. But the new Director was a man of resource. He argued that the possession of an artistic treasure such as the Lucas Collection, rightly advertised, should attract attention; attention would breed interest, and interest perhaps dollars. So with much labour he extracted \$300 from the Board of Trustees, and invested the sum in preparing the collection for exhibition. It

must be remembered that at that time the Whistler Prints were unmounted, the letters unsorted and that there was in the Institute no wall suitable for showing them. These things the Director accomplished as best he might and flung open the doors.

He received visitors. Among them some gentlemen from the press, in search of "copy." To them the Director told his story. The gentlemen were impressed. Whistlers! Quite a quantity. Almost forty. Wash drawings. And a water-colour. Perhaps the Director spoke too fast. Perhaps the gentlemen missed a word. However it may be, the next day the Baltimore papers heralded the discovery of Forty Water-colours.

Did the Director rush into print with frantic denials? No. He sat tight. A decent time elapsed. A New York paper stretched itself, yawned and turned its eyes on Baltimore. The story grew. Found echoes in Europe. The Editor of the *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* commissioned an article. Baltimore was launched.

So much for the Great Baltimore Discovery.

But that is not the best of the joke. Being myself considerably puzzled I thought it worth while to go down to Baltimore myself and see what really was there. I asked for water colours and was shown one water colour and nineteen wash drawings from the Thompson Collection. These I glanced at and passed on. The letters and cancelled plates interested me more. I thought them rarities. (It was a week later that Mr. Gallatin showed me his complete bound set!) I was enthusiastic and wrote to Mr. Pennell. He replied that he was "much interested" and would go to Baltimore. A fortnight later I received the article on the Whistler Find and photographs of what he had found. That day there was laughter in the land.

It was to a degree excusable that no one of all who had seen the collection should know that the originals of the Thompson Catalogue are in London, but that we should all mistake prints for originals was damaging, if it were not so ludicrous. The only thing to do was to join in the laugh with the best grace possible.

But the laugh was a little forced until I





HERCULES AND OMPHALE  
DETAIL OF CEILING



PINTURICCHIO'S CEILING, FROM THE  
PALAZZO DEL MAGNifico, SIENA

## Words . . . Words

found that here too things were not quite as they seemed. In particular the paragraph in Mr. Pennell's article which reads: "We looked once. We looked twice. We looked at each other. We looked three times. And then we looked at the Director and we said . . . " suggests rapidity, a cursory glance, wonderment that mortals should be so frail, and then—a little piece of information from the expert. No hint of the puzzled looks and knitted brow, of the doubts, of the thought that perhaps, though they *could not* be originals, they might be copies by a brilliant pupil, and certainly no suggestion that *each look lasted half an hour*.

Oh! Mr. Pennell!

The thing to see this month at the Metropolitan Museum is the Pinturicchio Ceiling, which has just been installed in the South End of Gallery 32 (the "Gold Room"). It is from the Palazzo del Magnifico in Siena, built for the despot Pandolfo Petruce about 1502.

This palace had been in a very dilapidated condition for some time and it was thought that everything of value had been taken out. An odd chance preserved it. About a hundred years ago the building began to be used as a tenement and false ceiling and partitions were put in, presumably for the sake of warmth. In this way the original vaulted ceiling was hidden and remained so until Professor Franchi, Director of the Institute of Fine Arts in Siena discovered it. Several of the painted panels had been destroyed by the workmen in remodelling the palace and the moulding was considerably damaged, but sufficient remained to justify great interest. The panels were transferred to canvas and were bought by the Museum in 1914, just before the outbreak of war.

In the present installation the dimensions of the room have been kept and casts made of the original mouldings and decorations. So that the gallery has much the appearance of the original. The floor, which was in Majolica, is now in light plaster to reflect the light, and the walls are bare where before were carved woodwork and panels by Pinturicchio, Signorelli and Genga. Just enough has been done to recapture the atmosphere without running the danger of swamping the originals under a mass of imitation.

The illustration on the next page shows the whole as reconstructed. The round panels in the corners represent *Venus* (top left-hand), *The Three Graces* (top right-hand), *Jupiter transformed into a Satyr, bending over Antiopé* (lower left-hand), and *Bacchus and Pan* (lower right-hand). The two outer panels remaining represent *The Rape of Europa* (above) and *Hercules and Omphale* (below). The four lozenge-shaped panels round the centre have for subjects *A Figure of a Sea Horse* (above), *Helle* (below), *The Hunting of the Caledonian Boar* (right), and *The Judgment of Paris* (left). The remaining eight panels represent Triumphs, a favourite Renaissance theme. Working round from the top right-hand they are *The Triumph of Alexander*, *The Triumph of Apollo*, *The Triumph of Mars*, *The Triumph of a Warrior*, *The Triumph of Cybele*, *The Triumph of Ceres*, *Pluto and Proserpine* and *The Triumph of Amphrotrite*. In the centre were the Petrucci Arms; so this feature has been restored. The room is well worth a visit.

George Bellows has painted something very like a masterpiece. It is reproduced on the following page so little comment is necessary. A comparison between this portrait and the treatment of the same subject in *Eleanor, Jean and Anna* (reproduced in the December issue) may be of value. That the portrait won the National Arts Club prize is a commendation of the Club's judgment. Bellows has painted a picture which carries its own commendation. Make a point of seeing this portrait.

Another picture at the National Arts Club exhibition which sticks in my mind is Jonas Lie's *Tropical Storm*. Jonas Lie is an uncertain quantity. His work has always a distinctive quality. His canvases shout "Lie." But the distinction is not always flattering, and the "Lie" does not always ring true. However, his *Tropical Storm* encourages me to look deeper into his other work.

The other pictures in the exhibition were for the most part obscured by the painters and their wives, but a talk with Mr. Ritschel on the "Champagne of Life" served as an admirable pick-me-up.





*Courtesy National Arts Club*

THE OLD LADY  
IN BLACK

GEORGE  
BELLOWS

## Book Reviews



### BOOK REVIEW

**PEN DRAWING AND PEN DRAUGHTSMEN.** By Joseph Pennell. The Graphic Arts Series. Vol. III. The Macmillan Company.

Here is a book to own. Four hundred pages odd, with as many illustrations. Such an array of drawings was never collected in one book before. The letterpress? Well . . . Joseph Pennell. You know. Information in plenty. Sound hints for students. And throughout the customary Pennell dirge, "Art is dead, Art is dead," with its refrain, "Damn those fool Editors." But don't mind that. Art was alive twenty years ago . . . Then there were other mourners of the good times past.

The book proper starts with Fortuny, the father of modern pen-drawing. For by pen-drawing, Mr. Pennell understands pen-drawing for reproduction. Thus he compares a study by Duerer with one by Rossetti, and immediately many things become apparent. The Duerer has a certain stiffness, the Rossetti is bold and free. The Duerer is cold, a delicate framework in black and white; the Rossetti suggests colour and warmth.

It is in this power to suggest colour that modern pen-drawing differs from the old. Look at the Rembrandt Head. It is a perfect drawing. But there was no need for Rembrandt to paint with the pen.

With Fortuny, then, modern pen-drawing begins. His figure work and Vierge's architecture strike a new note. Not only form but texture is conveyed and light begins to play a prominent part.

It is impossible to discuss all of the artists

here represented. Mr. Pennell's taste—up to 1900—was happily Catholic, so that every manner is represented. But the really big men stand out. They are Vierge, Casanova, Meissonier, Menzel, Leibl, v. Stueck, Sandys, Rossetti and Beardsley. All of these men are well worth remembering and I wish that I could reproduce an example of each. The Manet *Raven* on the cover is magnificent, but Manet is primarily a painter. The Beardsley advertisement is reproduced, as it shows Beardsley in a new light. The others must bide their time.

As to the Americans, this is the least satisfactory section of the book. The examples chosen are remarkable chiefly for their technical excellence. One might mention Abbey's *Old Songs*, Blum's *Portrait of Joe Jefferson*, and for sheer craftsmanship Brennan's *Spiral Staircase*. But there is nothing to make one exclaim, "Behold the Master." Is America there at fault or Joseph Pennell?

I repeat, this is a book to own. Pen-drawing is in a bad way, though hardly so bad as Mr. Pennell would make out. But colour printing and half-tone will pall, and this book may prove as an inspiration to some unknown pen draughtsman.

Other books received include:

LUSTRE POTTERY. By Lady Evans, M.A.  
E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE BOOK OF A HUNDRED HANDS. By George B. Bridgman. Edward C. Bridgman.

A HANDBOOK OF INDIAN ART. By E. B. Havell. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES OF ROME AND SOUTHERN ITALY.

THE CATHEDRALS OF CENTRAL ITALY.

By T. Francis Bumpus. E. P. Dutton & Co.





*From Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen.  
By Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Co.*

ADVERTISEMENT  
(COURIER FRANCAIS)

AUBREY  
BEARDSLEY

# THE STUDIO

## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

THE preliminary announcements relative to this exhibition aroused expectations which have not been realised. The impression was given that the treasures of the Prado Museum and other important institutions in Spain would be drawn upon, and that we should see on the walls of the Royal Academy's galleries some at least of those masterpieces of the art of painting which hitherto it has been the privilege of only a comparatively small number in Great Britain to see and study directly. But if the non-fulfilment of these hopes has naturally caused disappointment, still the exhibition as a whole may assuredly be reckoned as an event of first-rate importance, and though it is still necessary to visit Madrid, Toledo

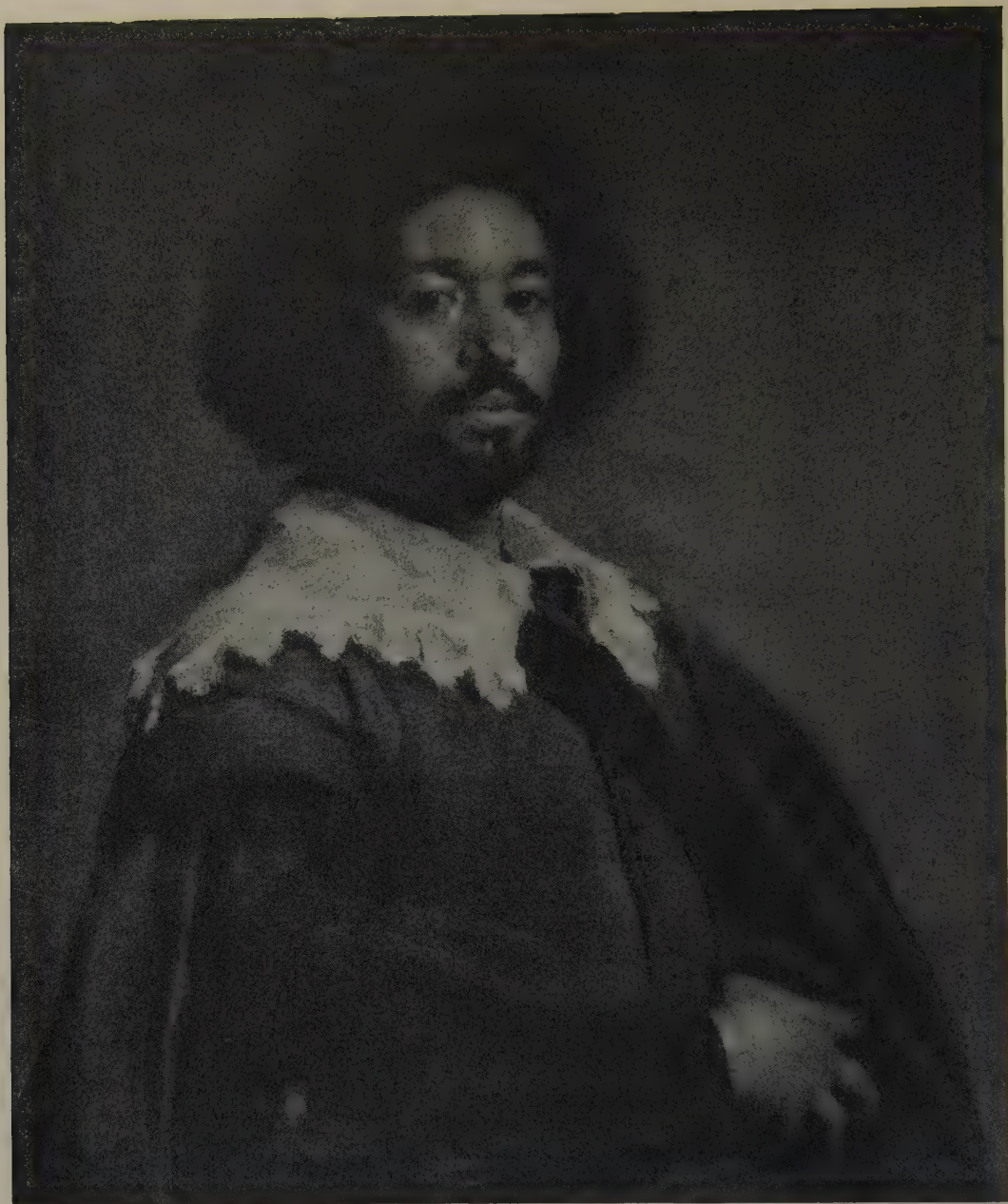
and other Spanish cities to see the greatest achievements of Velázquez, El Greco, Murillo, Ribera, Goya and other famous masters of the Spanish School, the serious student has every reason to be grateful for such facilities as are provided by the collection for studying at first hand the development of this great school from its beginning to the present day.

Among the great old masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who are represented in this exhibition, the group of ten works of Domenico Theotocopuli, now universally known as El Greco, has undoubtedly excited paramount interest, partly because he is not so well known as the great founder of the naturalistic school in Spain, Diego Velázquez, represented here by an equal number of works (though the authenticity of two of them has been challenged), but



"A PEST HOUSE." BY FRANCISCO DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES  
(Marquis de la Romana, Madrid)





**"JUAN DE PAREJA, PAINTER"**  
**BY DON DIEGO VELÁZQUEZ**  
(Earl of Radnor's Collection)

## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"A GIRL WITH A MIRROR"  
BY JOSE RIBERA  
(Sir Herbert Cook, Bart.)

more particularly because of the representative character of the group, containing as it does some of his best portraits and one complex composition which ranks among his most important efforts of this character—*The Glory of Philip II.*, lent by the King of Spain from the Escorial. From his own days down to the present time an extraordinary diversity of opinion has existed among critics in regard to El Greco's merits as a painter. A summary of these opinions is given by Cossio in his exhaustive study of the artist published in 1908.\* Noting with satisfaction that

\*"El Greco," por Manuel B. Cossio, Madrid, 1908. In the second volume of this work nearly 200 paintings of El Greco are reproduced.

England has led the way in penetrating the character of El Greco and the importance of his work, he cites a passage written by Sir J. C. Robinson in 1868, which is well worth quoting here :

"At all times and in all countries the works of this master will appeal to the artist and true connoisseur with an imperative voice, while it is perhaps equally certain they will always remain 'caviare to the multitude.' In the dim twilight of Spanish churches and convents there are still scores of weird-looking canvasses of El Greco which the uninitiated observer passes over with wonder and bewilderment, the grim angular figures and draperies and the flickering unrest of all the details affecting him almost as would a harsh tumult of discordant sounds. But to the possessor of real art appreciation, a closer examination of even these unpromising specimens reveals passages of admirable harmony which he will dwell upon as on sweet music heard



## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

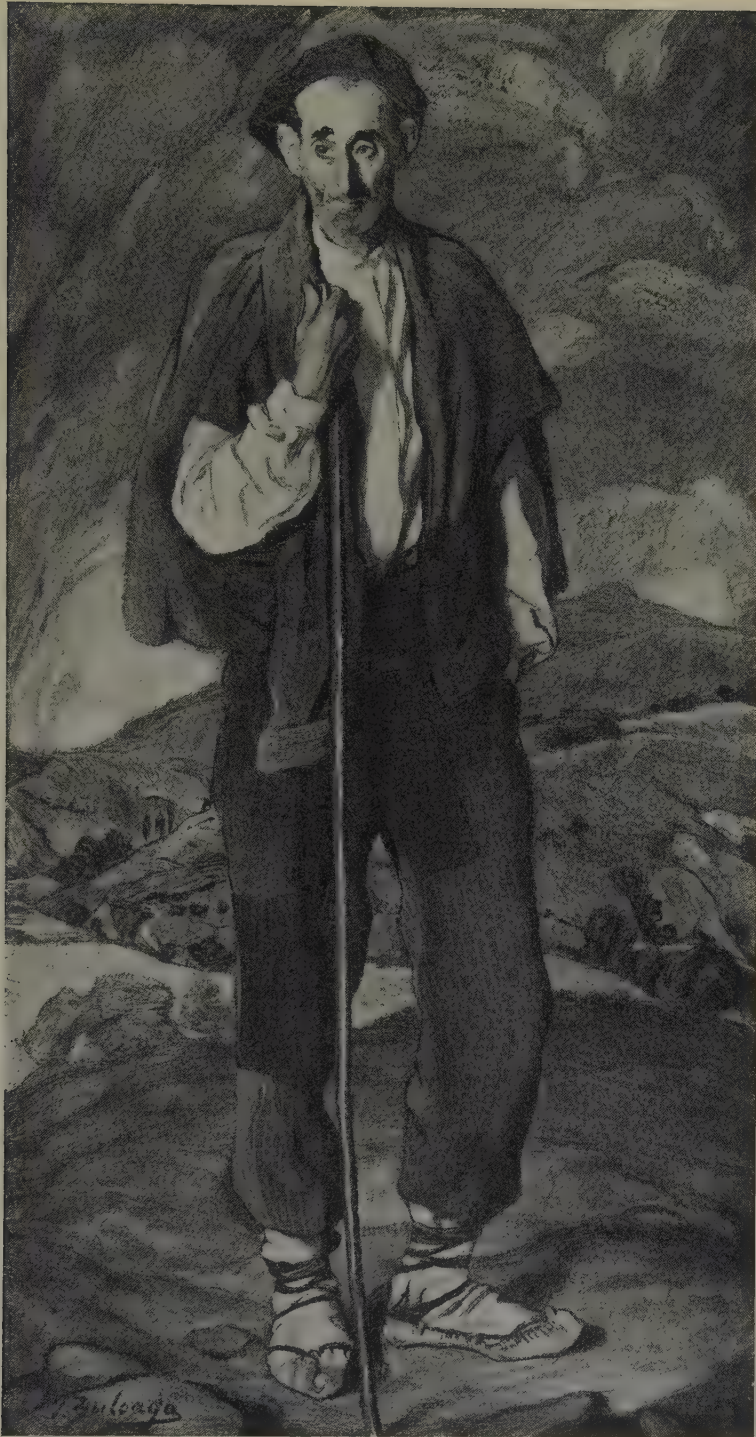


"THE LATIN QUARTER"  
BY NICOLÁS RAURICH

fitfully amidst the howling of a tempest. Il Greco's style is altogether peculiar and indescribable."

Of the ten works assigned to Velázquez, five have been brought from Spain for the exhibition, while the others belong to English collections, and three of them have been exhibited before in London; while as to two, there are, as mentioned above, some doubts as to their authenticity. Though hardly so representative as the El Greco group, the selection contains a superb example of the master's painting, the portrait of *Juan de Pareja, Painter*, belonging to the Earl of Radnor, and a scarcely inferior work, the portrait of *An Unknown Gentleman*, from the Duke

of Wellington's collection, as well as the painter's portrait of himself lent by the Fine Art Museum, Valencia, and said to be the most poetical of the portraits which Velázquez painted of himself. Among his other paintings *The Cook* (Mr. Otto Beit's collection), an early work, painted when he was a youth of nineteen, is of great interest as a study of still life. There does not appear to be any reference to this particular work in Beruete's treatise published in English in 1906, but it is evidently one of several paintings of a somewhat similar character executed while Velázquez was studying under his future father-in-law, Francisco Pacheco,



"A BASQUE COUNTRYMAN"  
BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA



## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"TWO MASKS." BY  
CLAUDIO CASTELUCHO

who, to judge from a passage in his "Art of Painting," set great store by exercises of this kind. The exhibition contains one example of Pacheco's own paintings. ▀

Of painters other than El Greco whose careers preceded either wholly or mainly that of Velázquez, all those of any note are represented by one or more examples. The self-portrait of Pedro Berruguete, a Castilian primitive who died in 1504, is worthy of the best traditions of the Spanish School. By Luis de Morales, "the divine," there are two panels of *The Fifth Dolour*, the larger of the two being remarkable for the tragically realistic painting of the dead Christ's face. Of the work of Sánchez Coello (d. 1588) there are eight examples, all portraits, and one of them is of special interest as having possibly suggested the painting of *Las Meninas* by Velázquez. Coello's pupil

and successor as Court Painter, Juan Pantoja de la Cruz, is represented by three exceedingly interesting portraits, one of which, the *Portrait of a Lady of the De Palavicino Family*, is here reproduced in colour. His full length Philip II. (lent by the King of Spain) is a very striking presentment of that monarch, in whose sad features the shadow of approaching death is seen, and it provides a strong contrast with Coello's Prado half-length portrait, painted also in the King's declining years. ▀ ▀

Ribera and Zurbarán are the chief contemporaries of Velázquez. By the first there are three works, one of which, *A Girl with a Mirror*, is reproduced on p. 5. The Prado collection contains somewhere about sixty paintings of this artist, nearly all of them portraits of apostles and saints. He was greatly influenced by Caravaggio,



"THE CAMELLIA"  
BY JULIO MOISES



## SPANISH PAINTINGS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



"THE BOWER." BY  
SANTIAGO RUSIÑOL

and all the latter part of his life was spent in Italy. Zurbarán is more fully represented, and in some respects the most interesting example is an early work, *The Virgin as a young girl doing needlework*. A large Crucifixion, by Alonso Cano, a fellow pupil of Velázquez in Pacheco's studio, bears a certain resemblance to a similar painting by the greater master in the Prado. Del Mazo, assistant and son-in-law of Velázquez, is not seen to great advantage in the two works assigned to him. Murillo, pre-eminent among painters of the generation that grew up under the influence of Velázquez and famous for his many paintings of *Immaculadas*, of which one example, from Lord Lansdowne's collection, is in the exhibition, was also a great painter of landscape, animals and still life, as well as portraits, but the seven works at Burlington House give only a faint hint of this diversity. ▀

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Numerically it is to Goya that has fallen the lion's share in this display, one gallery having been set apart for a group of some twenty-four paintings by him, all of which with one exception (a portrait lent by Mr. Otto Beit) have been sent from Spain. This group may, in fact, be justly regarded as the *clou* of the exhibition, for though Goya is well known to many connoisseurs here by his wonderful etchings, as a painter he has hitherto been almost a total stranger. A worthy descendant of the great masters who preceded him by two centuries, he is here seen in the rôle of painter of portraits, of landscapes, and open-air scenes, and especially of those grimly realistic subject pictures in which his true genius expressed itself with so much energy. ▀ ▀ ▀

It is by no means a homogeneous collection of work that confronts the visitor in the galleries set apart for the





"PIETY AND ALMS." FROM  
THE PAINTING BY JOSÉ  
M. RODRIGUEZ ACOSTA.





painters of to-day and their immediate predecessors. The number of them is well over a hundred, and the only notable omission is Anglada. Among this assemblage the small Basque or Biscayan group, with Zuloaga at its head, and including among others the brothers Zubiaurre, whose work was discussed at length in our last issue, presents the most marked differentiation from the general body. The Barcelona contingent, much more numerous, is well represented, and among these Santiago Rusiñol is conspicuous with a series of those delightful garden paintings on which for years past he has concentrated his very personal gifts. As to the rest, all that can be said in a brief summary like this is that while no very pronounced national traits are conspicuous—except in so far as subjects are concerned—there is to be discerned a susceptibility to the charms of colour which though often accompanied by a deficient sense of form is productive of an atmosphere of animation and vivacity.

#### SOME FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS OF "THE STUDIO"

THE sixteenth annual issue of "THE STUDIO Year-Book of Decorative Art" is now in the hands of the printers, and will, it is expected, be ready for publication early in March.

The series of portfolios containing reproductions in colour of pictures by distinguished living painters, of which three numbers have already appeared with selections from the water-colours of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, R.A., Mr. W. Russell Flint, and Mr. C. J. Holmes, will be continued with numbers containing reproductions of paintings or drawings by Mr. Arnesby Brown, R.A., Mr. Harold Knight and Mrs. Knight, Mr. P. A. de Laszlo and Mr. L. Campbell Taylor respectively.

The Editor also hopes to deal in a Special Number on Spanish Painting much more fully with the important display at Burlington House briefly noticed in this month's issue, but at the time of going to press the arrangements in regard to this had not been completed, and a definite announcement must therefore be postponed.

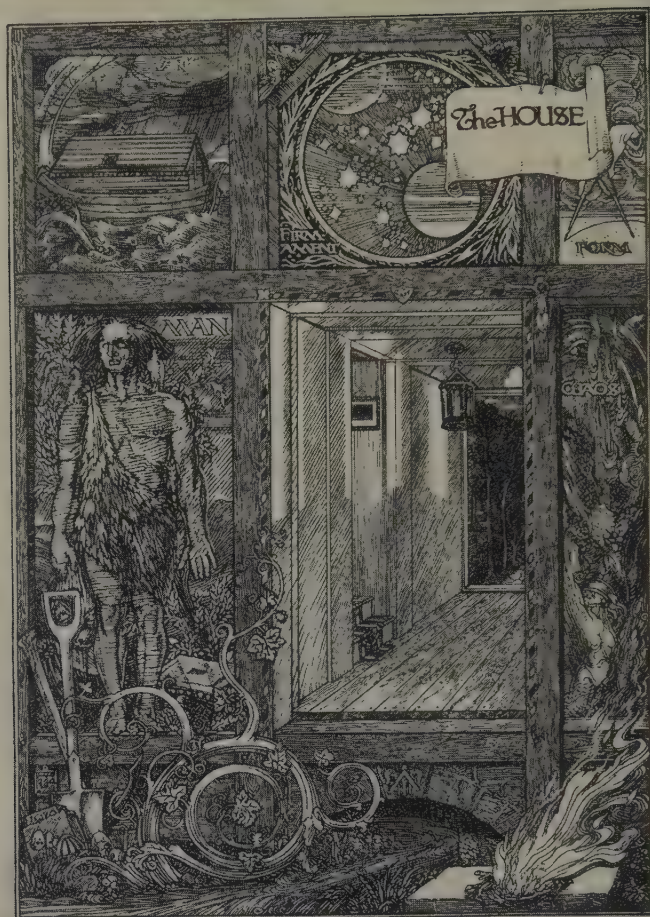
#### THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

THE time was ripe for the formation of a society of the exponents of the graphic arts, since recent years have seen public appreciation and encouragement of free expression through all the mediums steadily on the increase. But though graphic artists are many in the land, their opportunities for getting into actual touch with the public that loves pictorial art are limited. The "black and white men" may establish a popular familiarity through reproductive appearances week after week in the illustrated press, or they may adapt their illustrative imaginations to the embellishment of books; but true artistic intimacy is usually blocked by the harmless necessary half-tone. If they be etchers or engravers, membership of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers will open its annual exhibitions to their works, the recent admission of the woodcut counting to the Society for artistic righteousness; though



DESIGN FOR A WAR RECORD  
BY H. GRANVILLE FELL





"THE HOUSE" (AS THE ARBITRARY FRAMEWORK, THE MATERIAL AND INTELLECTUAL BOUNDARY WITHIN WHICH MAN THINKS, INVENTS AND EXISTS). BY JAMES GUTHRIE

the newly-founded Society of Wood-Engravers offers naturally wider scope and a more generous independence to the spreading revival of this oldest of all forms of engraving, while to those who seek expression through lithography the Senefelder Club may afford its limited welcome. But if they claim as artists the right to express themselves through any graphic medium that the particular pictorial motive of their artistic mood seems to demand, the chances of appeal to the public, for any but the favoured members of the Society of Twelve, are decidedly restricted. The Royal Academy remains

as niggardly as ever in its award of space to expression in black and white prints and drawings; nor are the opportunities offered by the New English Art Club or the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers sufficient; while the alternative of the "one man show" is too risky and expensive for the majority.

The new Society of Graphic Art purports to change all this, its formation being, to quote its official pronouncement, "for the purpose of holding periodical exhibitions of all the various forms of black and white art in a comprehensive and dignified manner. Its aim will be to

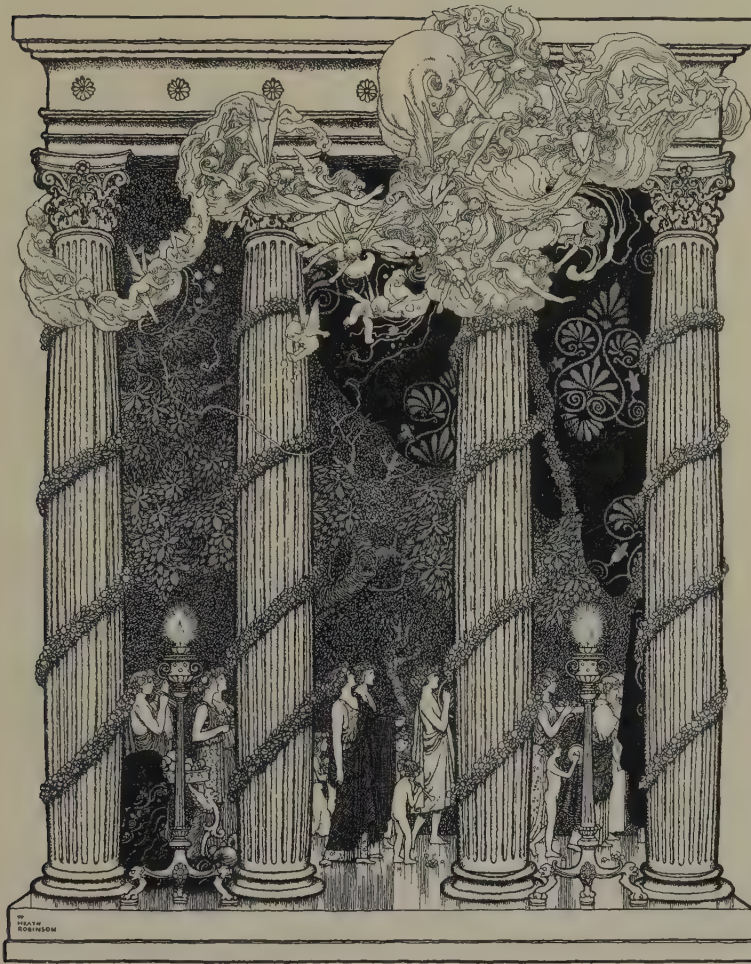
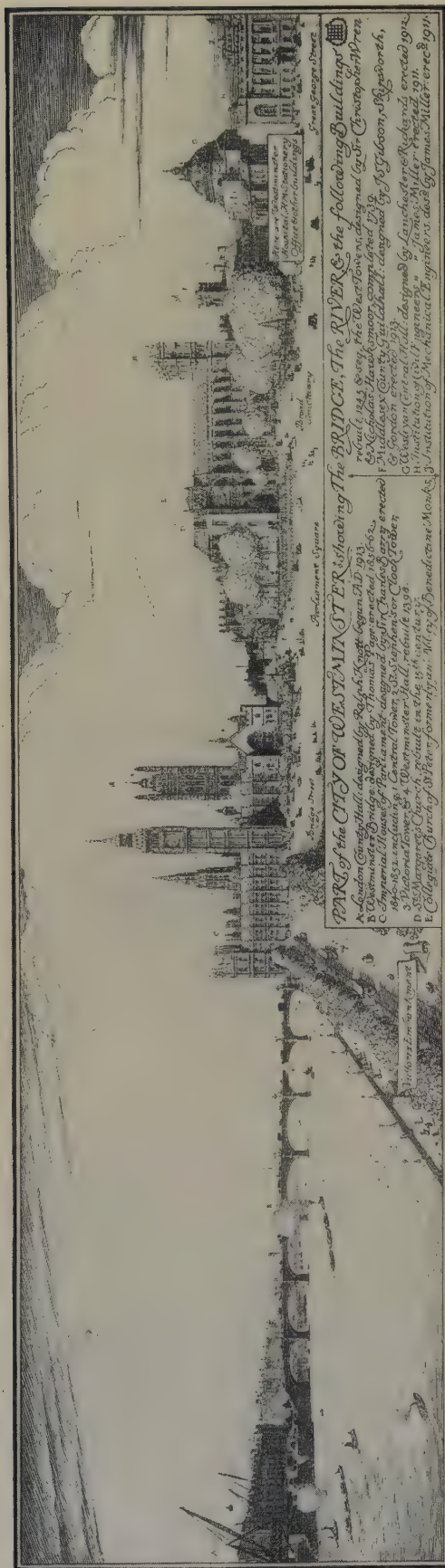


ILLUSTRATION TO "A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"  
BY W. HEATH ROBINSON  
(By courtesy of Messrs. Constable & Co.)

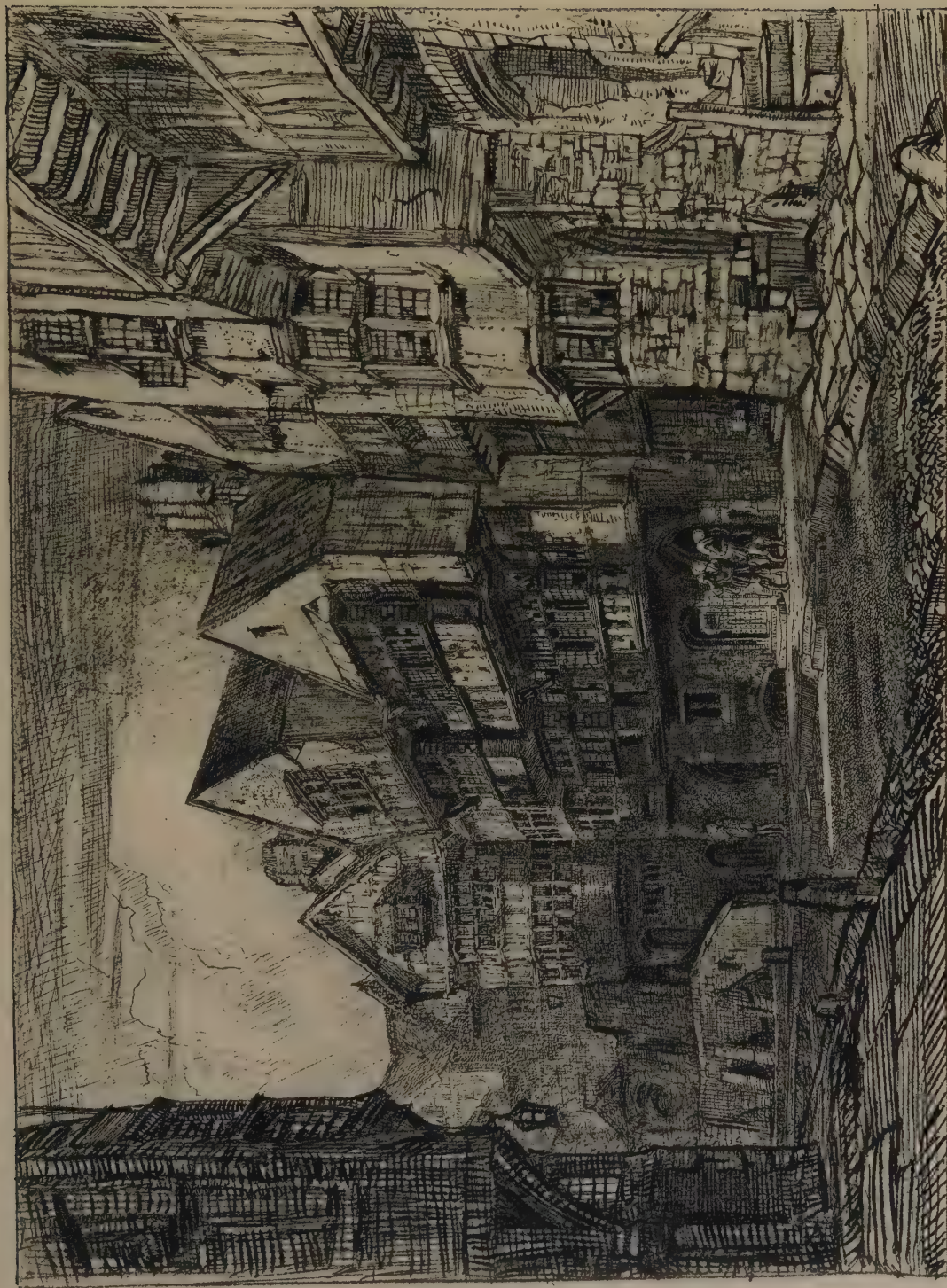
further the interests of British and Colonial artists who produce, in monochrome, examples of sound draughtsmanship in pencil, pen-and-ink, chalk, charcoal, water or oil colour, monotype, silver-point, dry-point, and in the various methods of engraving on metal, wood, stone, etc. The scope and scale of the scheme is purposely large, as it is desired to form, for the first time in this country"—I am still quoting the Society's own proclamation—"a powerful and thoroughly comprehensive body representing what has truly been described as the most potent and varied side of British art." The

scheme originated with Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, himself an artist whose sound accomplishment in draughtsmanship, at home with many mediums, is happiest with pencil, and best seen in pictorial interpretations of architecture. For years he had had in mind the formation of such a society for the benefit of black-and-white draughtsmen, but only now when the artists have pleasant proof that there are collectors ready to buy good modern drawings and original etchings, aquatints, mezzotints, woodcuts and lithographs, has the scheme seemed to come within the range of practical politics. Mr. Emanuel's





## "WESTMINSTER," PEN DRAWING BY EDMUND HORT NEW



"OLD LONDON." A STUDY.  
BY F. L. GRIGGS, R.E.







## THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART



"A.D. 1918." DRAWING  
BY HAROLD NELSON

enthusiasm, supported by the sympathetic encouragement of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and helped by his own personal popularity, imbued a group of graphic artists with the feeling that they and their fellows really needed such an association. They met one evening at Mr. Emanuel's house to discuss the idea, and a Provisional Committee to promote the scheme was the result. To all intents and purposes the Society of Graphic Art was born there and then, for the response of the graphic artists invited to membership was practically general. And now it starts its career as a very numerous, if

not entirely representative, body, starts auspiciously under the presidency of an artist of world-wide fame. It is, indeed, no small asset for a society that intends to exhibit its members' works abroad as well as at home to have at its head an artist of Mr. Brangwyn's stature and fame, whose various accomplishments on wood, copper and stone, as well as with the materials of the decorative painter, has won recognition from all artistic Europe. That Mr. Emanuel should be vice-president is only right and proper, considering that without his enthusiasm and energy the Society would never have



## THE SOCIETY OF GRAPHIC ART



"THE FUGITIVES." BY  
D. W. HAWKSLEY, R.I.

come into being. But the list of honorary members, I must confess, gives me pause. There are seventeen of them, and every one is a member of the Royal Academy, albeit there are graphic artists of fine and vital talent and wide repute outside the academic fold. Among these honorary members are, of course, artists of unquestioned power and distinction, and certainly it is well that they should all belong to a representative British Society of Graphic Art; but why should they not associate themselves with it as active exhibiting members, thus helping to further its aims? Their individual merits would add to the prestige and influence of the

Society far more than can their exclusively academical honorary membership. It is reasonable that this official compliment should be offered to the Presidents of the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, and the other artistic royal societies; but, even accepting the wholly academic character of the honorary members, one looks in vain among the two hundred and twenty-four original members, including as these do artists of high degree in their various modes of graphic utterance, for any of those artists who have identified themselves with the so-called "advanced" movements, artists, as a matter of fact,



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY  
1700 EAST 5TH AVENUE  
CHICAGO, ILL.

PENCIL DRAWING  
BY FRED PEGRAM



seeking with sincerity individual expression through new adventures in vision and unacademic ways of graphic art. One is constrained to wonder, therefore, whether the promoters of the society have sufficiently kept in view the broadly representative character and the catholic artistic spirit that should claim for this numerous body a place of real and vital importance in the world of art. For here is a unique opportunity to co-ordinate diverse artistic ideals, to stimulate the independence of their utterances, and, by offering them equal means of publicity, to help to keep the graphic arts ever alive.

In the hope, therefore, that this will be the spirit and principle of the Society's activities, *THE STUDIO* offers a cordial welcome to this latest addition to the many associations in which British artists find community of interests, believing that if the encouragement of artistic vitality in sincere individual expression through any medium or honestly expressive formula be its primary aim, whether the motive be realistic illustration or abstract design, the Society's exhibitions may be of real service. By the time these words appear in print the first of these exhibitions will be on view in the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

## STUDIO-TALK.

*(From our own Correspondents.)*

LONDON.—The Goupil Gallery Salon was instituted by the proprietors of that gallery in the year 1906, and thereafter took its place among the chief events of the autumn season. The annual sequence remained uninterrupted until the fateful year 1914, and a resumption was not made till a year after the Armistice. If the exhibition of 1919 could not, for obvious reasons, compare with those of pre-war years, the tenth of the series, which was held during the last two months of the past year, may be said to have definitely re-established the prestige of this salon and to have provided a sure augury of its continuance in years to come. What gives to this exhibition its peculiar and distinctive character is the discriminating eclecticism which governs the selection of artists invited to contribute to it. Thus among those who were represented in the recent display—numbering more than a hundred and fifty in all—one found along with the names of artists belonging to one or other society or group, such as the three Royal Academies, the New English Art Club, the Institute, the British Artists, the



"THE NOMADS." OIL PAINTING  
BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



**"THE BROKEN JUG"**  
OIL PAINTING BY  
WILLIAM NICHOLSON  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)





"STREET MARKET." WATER-  
COLOUR BY MABEL LAYNG  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

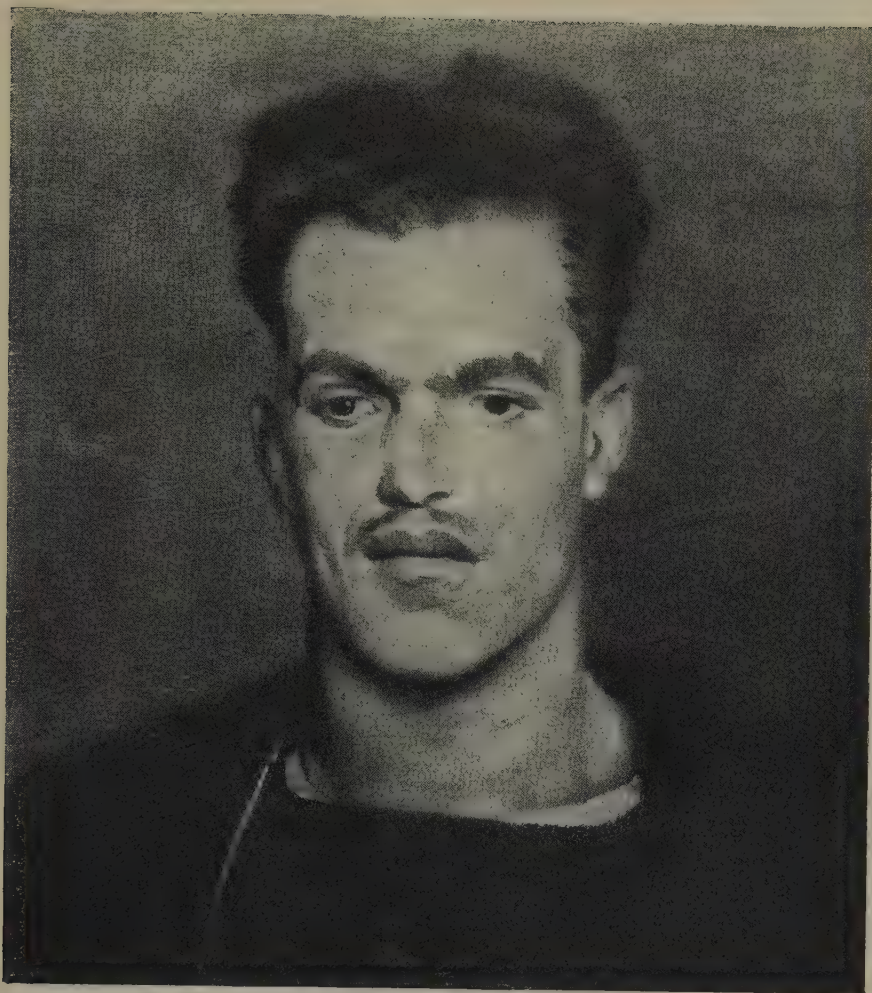
London Group, and so forth, not a few who hold aloof from all organised bodies and prefer to pursue an entirely independent path. In its general complexion the Goupil Salon approximates, perhaps, more nearly to the International Society's exhibitions, and that was particularly the case with the Salon of 1920, in which

several well-known French artists were represented—including Maurice Denis, Lucien Simon, Forain, Henri Matisse, Paul Signac, Félix Vallotton, and Albert Lebourg. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Among the 380 odd works in the recent exhibition a feature of special interest was a group of still-life paintings by Mr.



DECORATION FOR FIREPLACE  
BY ARNRUD B. JOHNSTON  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



"ALI BEN AMOR BEN  
M'RAD, NO. 2." OIL  
PAINTING BY GLYN  
PHILPOT, A.R.A.  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)



## STUDIO-TALK



"VENETIAN HOUSES." WATER-COLOUR BY C. MARESCO PEARCE  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

William Nicholson, of one of which a reproduction is here given. An accomplished painter of human portraiture, as his *Pamela* in this exhibition proved, this artist is in the realm of *nature morte* without a compeer, and the five paintings of this description which he contributed at this exhibition—*The Silver Casket*, *The Broken Jug*, *The Striped Shawl*, *Rose Lustre*, and *The Magenta Feather*—rank among his best achievements. Three marine paintings by Mr. Wilson Steer, all admirable as studies of atmospheric effects, were among the chief features of interest on this occasion. The sole ex-

ample of Mr. Augustus John's painting was a *Motif pour Décoration*, but elsewhere in the exhibition his genius as a draughtsman was evinced in a dozen characteristic studies of various types of humanity, nude and otherwise. Mr. Glyn Philpot's virile art was likewise exemplified by a single painting—the vigorously characterized head of *Ali ben Amor ben M'rad No. 2*, reproduced among our illustrations. The number of paintings and drawings of interiors in this exhibition may be taken as an indication that this class of subject is attracting increased attention among artists.



"FASHION AT THE CALEDONIAN  
MARKET." WATER-COLOUR  
BY H. DAVIS RICHTER  
(Goupil Gallery Salon, 1920)

Besides Mr. Patrick Adam, R.S.A., who specialises almost exclusively in this kind of theme, Mr. W. B. Ranken, Mr. de Glehn, Mr. Davis Richter, Mr. David Neave and Mr. Frank Carter contributed interesting essays in the portrayal of rooms—more than one of them being rooms associated with prominent personages. Among paintings of a predominantly decorative character Mr. George Sheringham's vivacious *Nomads*, reproduced on page 22, was specially attractive. Of flower and still-life studies, apart from Mr. Nicholson's, there was a good sprinkling, adding greatly to the variety of the display. Mr. Davis Richter was among those represented in this direction, and besides an essay in interior painting—*The Lady Katherine Somerset's Dining Room*—his contribution to the show included also a capital study of modern London life—*Fashion at the Caledonian Market*, and an equally good drawing of that relic of old London, *Fountain Court, Temple*. ■ ■ ■

The works mentioned above are, however, but a few among the many items

of interest in the Goupil Gallery Salon of 1920, and while reluctantly passing over many things which helped to make the show a success, it must suffice if we mention in addition Mr. Howard Somerville's portrait study, *Joyce*, Mr. W. J. Leech's *The Lady of Kensington Gardens*, Miss Thea Proctor's *The Shawl* and two fan compositions, *The Lagoon* and *L'Oiseau d'Or*, two west country landscapes by Mr. Ginner, Mr. Walter Bayes's *The Good Humoured Lady*, M. Lebourg's riverside scenes from Paris and Rouen, Miss Mabel Layng's *Street Market* (reproduced), Mr. Maresco Pearce's *Venetian Houses* (also reproduced), and Miss Ruth Hollingsworth's still-life painting *Blue China*. A small group of sculpture included six works in stone by Mr. Eric Gill, and two reliefs by Mr. Arnrid Johnston, whose *Decoration for a Fireplace* is shown among our illustrations.

Mr. Charles Shannon, A.R.A., who at a General Assembly of the Royal Academy held a few weeks ago was promoted to full membership of that body, has throughout his career been a staunch upholder



## STUDIO-TALK



PAIR OF HAND WROUGHT  
BRASS ALTAR CANDLE-  
STICKS SET WITH OPALS  
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED  
BY ALEX. J. SMITH

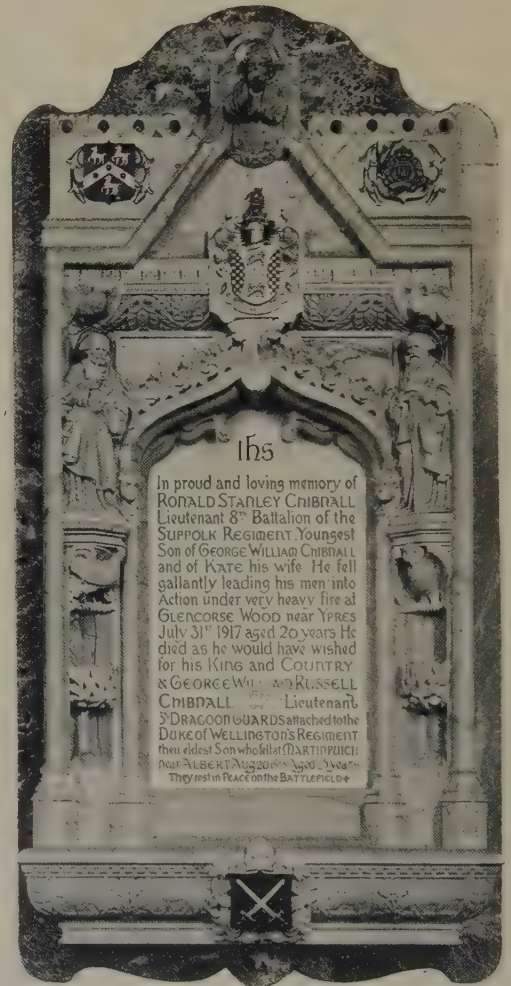
of the graphic arts. Trained at the School of Wood Engraving, Lambeth, he made a name for himself in that branch of art quite early, and all along he has been an ardent devotee of lithography.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours was for the greater part of last year without a President to fill the place occupied by Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A. for six years until his death last January. In the interval Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, R.A., its Vice-President, has acted as the official head of the Society, and now at a recent assembly of the members he has been elected President.

We include among our illustrations this month a well modelled study of old age in relief by Mr. F. W. Sargent, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1919, and three works of a memorial character. The pair of brass altar candlesticks by Mr. Alex. J. Smith was presented by Mr. J. C. Eastburn of Bradford to a local church as a memorial to his wife. Mr. Maurice Adams's memorial, erected in St. Paul's, Hammersmith, fittingly commemorates the heroic death of Lieut.

Ronald Stanley Chibnall and his brother, who fell on the battlefield in France. Mr. Reid Dick's design was, we believe, one of those sent in for the Zeebrugge Memorial and gained distinction in that competition.

One of the few celebrated law suits in which artists have taken a prominent part was recalled by the death in November of Mr. Richard Belt, a sculptor who, during the late seventies and early eighties, had gained a prominent position in the art world as the author of portrait busts and statues of leading personages. Publicly



WAR MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCH, HAMMERSMITH.  
DESIGNED BY MAURICE B.  
ADAMS, F.R.I.B.A., EXECUTED BY  
MESSRS. FARMER AND BRINDLEY



"KATARINA." RELIEF IN MARBLE.  
BY F W. SARGANT







DESIGN FOR A WAR MEMORIAL  
BY W. REID DICK, R.B.S.

accused by Mr. Charles Lawes (afterwards Sir Charles Lawes-Wittewronge) of earning a reputation by false pretences—it was alleged that the work which he passed off as his own was in reality executed by persons employed by him, and that instead of being a creative artist he was nothing more than a “statue jobber”—he brought an action for libel in 1882, and the trial before Baron

Hudleston was the great sensation of the day. Mr. Belt successfully vindicated his *bona-fides* and was awarded £5,000 damages. In the long interval since this case was tried Mr. Belt's name has rarely been heard of, but during the war it became prominent once more when he exhibited a bust in clay of the late Earl Kitchener.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

Mr. Herbert Draper, who also passed



## STUDIO-TALK



FROM A WOOD-CUT BY  
GWENDOLEN RAVERAT

away in the autumn of 1920, was, like Mr. Belt, a student in the Royal Academy Schools, in which he won the Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship in 1889. As a painter of subject pictures and, in later years more especially, of portraits, his work has been a recurring feature of the Royal Academy Exhibitions for thirty years. He excelled as a draughtsman, and the numerous studies which we have reproduced from time to time in these pages—mostly executed in preparation for subject paintings—have been warmly appreciated by those who value good drawing. He is represented at the Tate Gallery by the *Lament for Icarus*, purchased by the Chantrey Trustees in 1898.

We referred briefly in our last issue to the fact that the newly formed Society of Wood Engravers was holding its first annual exhibition in December at the Chenil Gallery, Chelsea, and it is now our pleasant duty to report that the ex-

hibition was a gratifying success. As already mentioned, the Society consists of ten members—Messrs. Gordon Craig, E. M. O'R. Dickey, Robert Gibbings, Eric Gill, Philip Hagreen, Sydney Lee, John Nash, Lucien Pissarro, Noel Rooke, and Mrs. Gwendolen Raverat, all of whom, together with seven non-members in sympathy with the aims of the Society and pursuing the same methods as the members, were represented in the show, and the quality of the work there exhibited is the best augury for the future of this co-operative venture. Their methods were also briefly alluded to in our previous note; they follow the traditional European technique, cutting with a knife on the wood plankwise or engraving with a burin on the end of a block of hard wood like box. The woodcuts so largely used for illustrating books and periodicals before the introduction of half-tone metal "blocks" (also often called "cuts" by printers)



"FROM THE  
WALLS OF  
THELEME"  
WOODCUT  
BY PHILIP  
HAGREEN







FROM A WOOD-CUT BY  
GWENDOLEN RAVERAT

were almost invariably produced by professional wood-engravers who were not responsible for the drawings they reproduced as nearly as possible in facsimile, but the woodcuts or engravings produced by the members of this new group and others who practise the art as a medium of original expression are the work of the individual artist from beginning to end. ▯

We were pleased to see that a considerable number of the prints displayed on the walls of Messrs. Chenil's Gallery were labelled as having been acquired by the Contemporary Art Society, presumably for presentation to public collections, and if this example is generously followed as it ought to be, by individual collectors, there is every reason to anticipate that the woodcut as a work of art will flourish again in a way worthy of that illustrious past which Mr. Campbell Dodgson recalls in his introduction to the catalogue of this first exhibition of the new Society. Mr. Dodgson points out that the collecting public mostly consists of persons who frame prints and hang them on their walls, and says that it is for the modern wood-engraver to convince the public that a woodcut looks as well on a wall as an etching, if not better. His hope that the exhibition would prove the suitability of the woodcut for this purpose has been amply fulfilled. With a few exceptions all the woodcuts shown were printed in

black on white or nearly white paper, and the decorative effect of the rich contrasts they presented was very striking. But even with a single block the range of variation is very wide, as regards both ink and paper, while with two or more blocks the possibilities are practically unlimited. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

At the sale early last month of an extensive collection of prints and drawings forming presumably the stock of Mr. Richard Gutekunst, art dealer, which Messrs. Garland-Smith & Co. put up to auction by order of the Public Trustee, some high prices were realised for work by modern etchers such as Whistler, Anders Zorn, D. Y. Cameron, Muirhead Bone and James McBey. A signed proof of Whistler's *The Palaces* fetched 315 guineas, the highest sum bid for an etching at this sale, and not far behind was Mr. Cameron's *Ben Ledi*, which brought 310 guineas. Zorn's record at this sale was 270 guineas for a signed proof of his portrait of Renan, while 240 guineas was bid for his *Maja*. For Mr. Muirhead Bone's *Ayr Prison* Messrs. Colnaghi & Co. paid 180 guineas, and Messrs. Connell & Son gave 72 guineas for Mr. McBey's *The Pool* and 66 guineas for the same artist's *Lion Brewery*. A large number of Rembrandts were put up, and the highest sum realised was 280 guineas for a signed proof of *The Three Crosses*. ▯

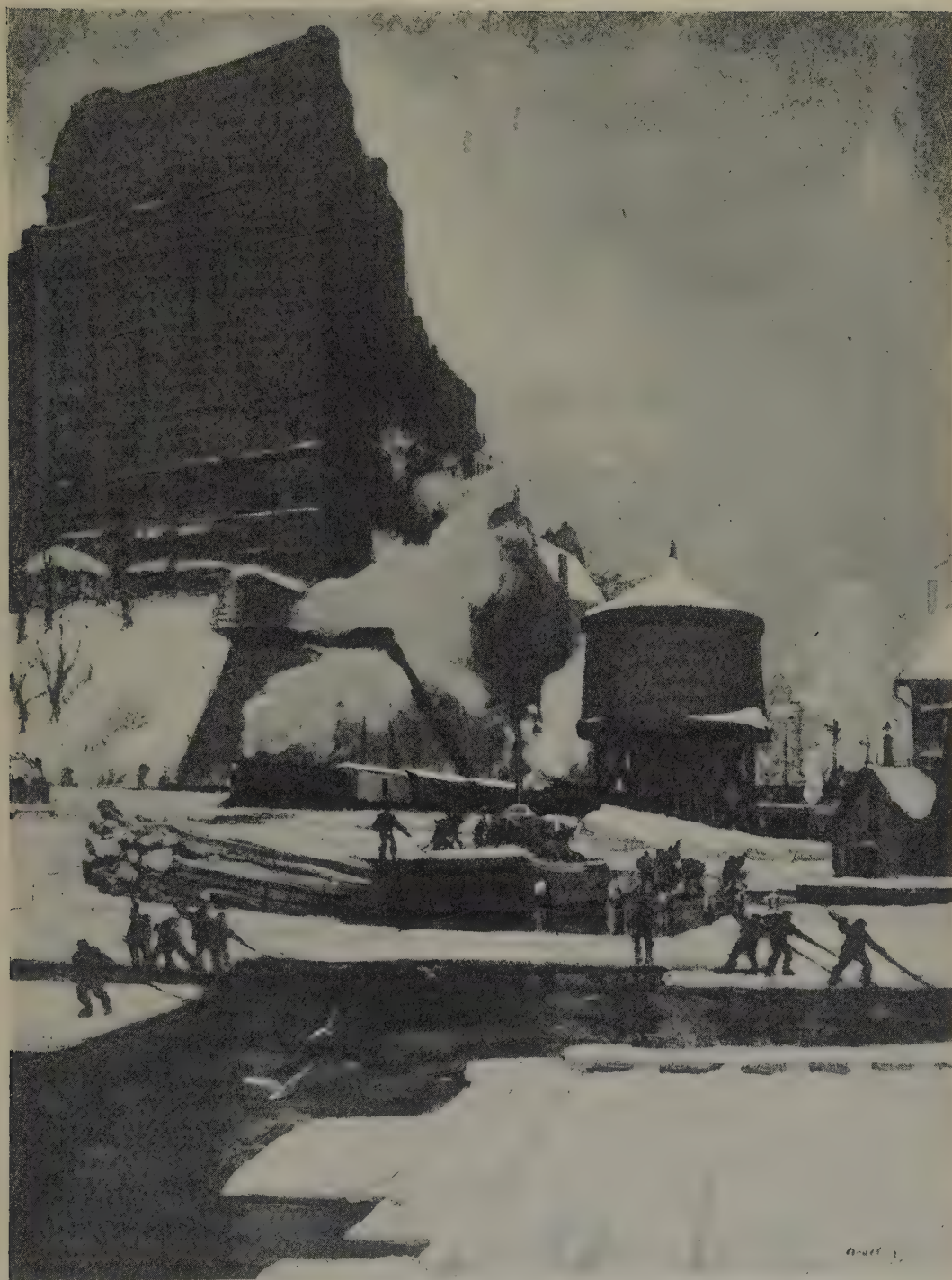




"BASQUE LANDSCAPE"  
BY LEON KROLL

NEW YORK.—Mr. Leon Kroll is an American artist whose work shows a sincere reverence for Goya and Cézanne, combined with fresh and personal characteristics. If he had to be labelled, one might class him with the best of the Post-Impressionists, although some among them have a keener sense of design as a thing in itself than he has. He is at the same time original, and by no means a plagiarist. His art is natural and unforced and free. It falls into two groups, portraiture and landscape, with an occasional adventure into the nude. On occasions there is a sign that he has not overlooked the best in Hals, but he is of our own day. All his portraits are very fine in feeling. *Orstein at the piano*, for instance, which has lately been acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago, has a quality of emotion hard to describe, but evident

to any one who has watched a serious and sensitive composer at work. Another notable portrait records a typical Russian of the Bolshevik intellectual type—a man of mystery and of unpractical ideals. He has painted his best landscapes in Spain, which seems to suit Kroll's personality better than America; his treatment of trees is one of the most striking characteristics of his compositions, in which he seems to a certain extent to carry on what Cézanne, Van Gogh and Eugene Laermanns began. The emotion gathered by the sense of sight stirs him most, though his colour and line show his musical nature as well. Of his portraits of American cities, one which he calls *Building New York* has already been reproduced in this magazine, while another striking example is the picture of the *North River Front, Chicago*. A. M. D.



"NORTH RIVER FRONT  
CHICAGO." BY LEON KROLL





"THE BLIND GIRL"  
BY LEON KROLL



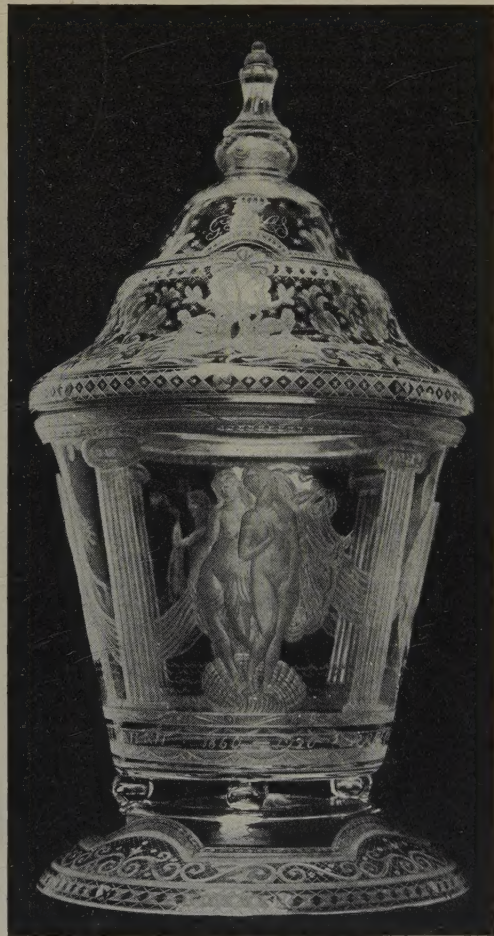


ENGRAVED GLASS BOWL  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)

STOCKHOLM.—The recent visit to London of Mr. Erik Wettergren, Director of the National Museum, Stockholm, makes it opportune to touch upon some of the new developments that have lately taken place in the production of new designs and technical treatment in artistic table, ornamental and useful glass articles, both rich cut crystal and engraved glass. Like the old German peasant art glass, much of the new work is distinguished by the vigour of its decorative forms, as well as the excellence of lineal patterning in the engraved examples, which is well brought out in the engraved glass decanter, designed by Mr. Simon Gate, illustrated on p. 40. But there is this difference, that the work of the modern Swedish handicraftsmen has none of the crudity of finish that characterised some of the peasant industrial art produced in Northern Europe early in the eighteenth century. Whilst the grotesque figures are still noticeable, as, for example, in Mr. Gate's engraved glass bowl, as well as in the engraved plate by Mr. Edward Hald, the whole conception of balance and arrangement is new, which gives to this class of work an interest quite outside of Sweden. Then, again, in the engraved glass plate

designed by Mr. Hald, it will be noticed that he has, whilst endeavouring to modulate his forms to the technical limitations of the engraver's art and the more difficult task of the nature of the glass itself, produced an entirely original conception. To some it will appeal as Cubist in feeling, inspired by Ibsen, but Mr. Hald has in naming his decorative scheme *The Broken Bridge*, done more than give it a name; he has embodied the idea in the design, depicting symbolically a ship, with the movement of the water by means of the delicate waved lines, and its living things. ▯ ▯ ▯

When it is remembered that the glass



ENGRAVED GLASS PRIZE  
CUP. BY SIMON GATE  
(Orrefors Factory)





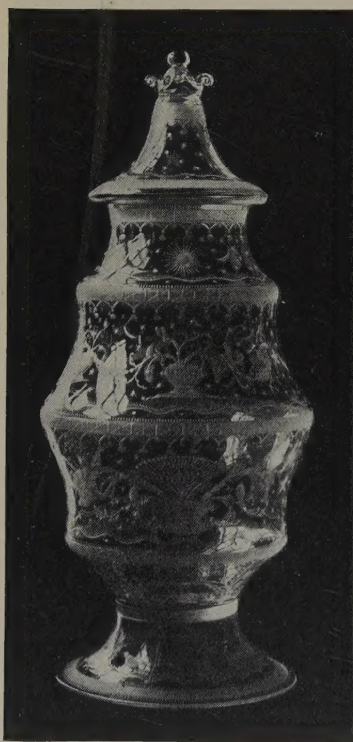
"THE BROKEN BRIDGE." ENGRAVED  
GLASS PLATE BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)



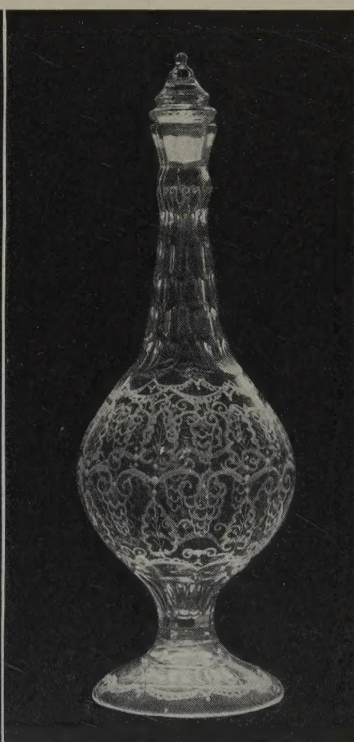
ENGRAVED GLASS PLATE  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)

works from which the articles illustrated here have emanated, namely, the Orrefors Factory, was but a few years ago making

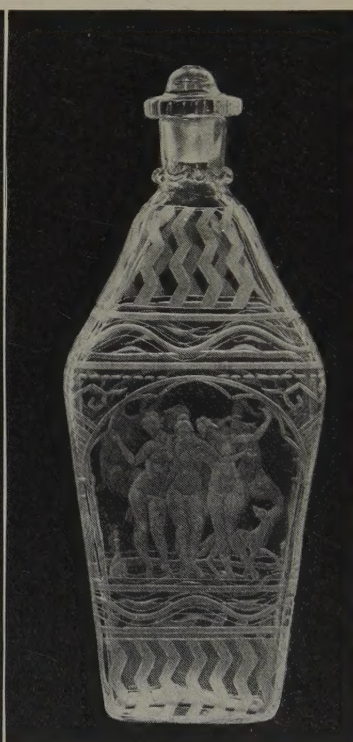
only window glass and soda-water bottles, it will be seen that the revolution that has taken place is as great as that now taking



ENGRAVED GLASS CUP  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)

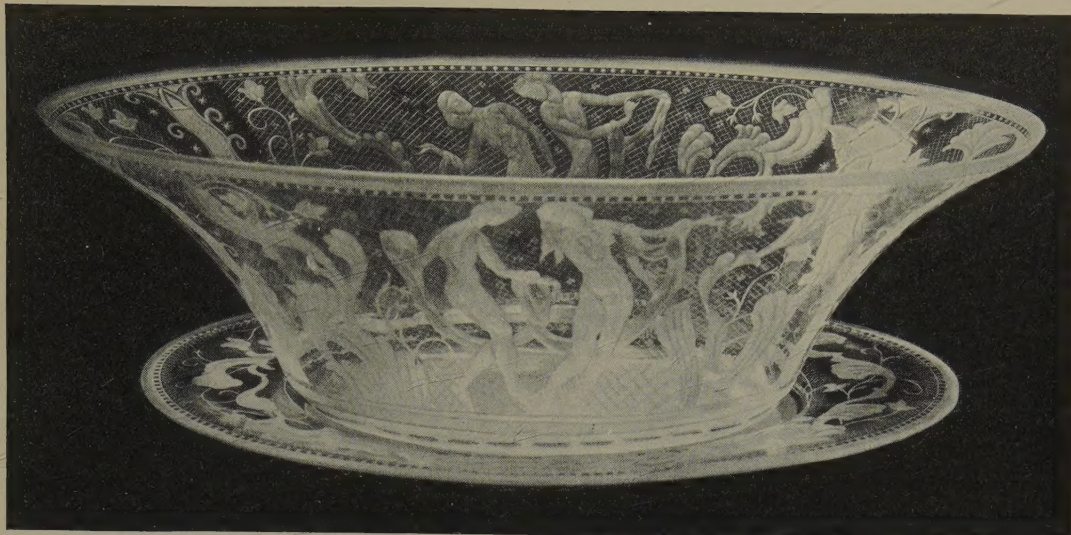


ENGRAVED GLASS DECANTER  
BY EDWARD HALD  
(Orrefors Factory)



ENGRAVED GLASS DECAN-  
TER. BY SIMON GATE  
(Orrefors Factory)





ENGRAVED GLASS BOWL  
BY SIMON GATE  
(Orrefors Factory)

place in the English glass industry. But Sweden's revolution is of an entirely upward and artistic character; whilst in England some of the factories producing artistic table-glass in the past, have now begun to make glass bottles and tumblers by mass production! In Sweden the change is due to the new movement begun by the Swedish Handicraft Society, now 75 years old. Like your own Design and Industries Association, in Sweden the "Förmedlingsbyrå" (Bureau of Mediation) has successfully secured co-operation between the manufacturer and the designer, especially in the ceramic industrial arts. The results in beauty of form are observable in the built-up baluster treatment of stem in the engraved glass bowl designed by Mr. Hald, one of the most promising of the Swedish craftsmen, as well as in Mr. Gate's glass cup, both illustrated, even if the engraved capitals, though in keeping with the classical treatment of the Graces, are too pronounced in a medium so transparent and delicate for decorative effects as glass. In technique one of the most interesting departures of the Orrefors Works is in their making of grail-glass. First a lump of glass, formed of one layer upon the other of different coloured glass, receives an etched design, which is then

heated and blown into the desired shape. Many of the examples of domed feet and baluster stem treatments are exceptionally good, and also the neat engraved leaf *motifs* on small articles. Of the interesting developments in cut glass, it will be necessary to write on some other occasion.

A. F.

## REVIEWS.

*Modern Movements in Painting.* By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.). It is a little difficult, in reading Mr. Marriott's discussion of modern movements in painting, to escape the impression that he is himself not quite sure about the meaning of these movements or the direction in which they are tending. Perhaps this was to be expected. It is too soon to attempt a serious analysis of the present-day restlessness in art or to decide whether it is merely a symptom of decadence and a sign of the impending destruction of all that is sane and stable in pictorial expression, or whether it is a real reconstruction from which will come greater principles and finer traditions than were known in the past. Mr. Marriott seems



## REVIEWS

to be rather in the position of a soldier who cannot say whether the battle in which he is engaged will end in victory or defeat, because all he can see of it is the turmoil and confusion immediately around him. But what he can see he discusses thoughtfully and with reasonably dispassionate judgment, and for that reason his book will be valuable for reference in years to come, when the agitations of to-day have become a matter of history. In many ways the best things in the book are the criticisms of prominent modern artists—criticisms which can be frankly commended for their shrewdness of insight and their judicial fairness of statement. Here Mr. Marriott is admirably sure of his ground, and says what he has to say with the sincerest conviction. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

*The Eighteenth Century in London.* By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, M.A., F.R.Hist. Soc. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.)—Few among the modern writers on London of the past are so well primed with knowledge of the subject as Mr. Beresford Chancellor, and his latest contribution, accompanied as it is by a very large number of excellent and well-chosen illustrations, the majority of them reproductions of contemporary prints and drawings, makes a strong appeal to the many who find in London's history an interesting field of study. Largely concerned with various aspects of the social life of the period, his sketch takes in also the topographical features of the Metropolis at that date, especially in the West End, and special reference is made to churches and other public edifices erected as well as to some of the more important residential buildings, while to complete the picture there is a brief but interesting account of the artistic developments which distinguished the eighteenth century. ■

*An Embroidery Book.* By ANNE KNOX ARTHUR. (London: A. & C. Black.) Like several other excellent handbooks of the crafts issued in recent years, this one emanates from the teaching staff of the Glasgow School of Art, where the craft of the needleworker especially is zealously cultivated and encouraged. Some charming examples of the craft are shown in the numerous coloured and other

illustrations, most of them being articles of daily use, and the large number of clearly drawn diagrams and clear and concise explanations of a hundred and one methods of using the needle and other implements will be appreciated by those who consult the book. ■ ■ ■

*Nollekens and his Times.* By JOHN THOMAS SMITH. New edition edited and annotated by WILFRED WHITTEN. 2 vols. (London: John Lane.)—This reprint is from the second edition of Smith's book, published in 1829, and includes a series of memoirs of contemporary artists from the time of Roubiliac, Hogarth and Reynolds to that of Fuseli, Flaxman and Blake, which formed a sort of appendix to the biography of Nollekens. Smith—known as "Rainy Day" Smith and "Antiquity" Smith—was a topographical draughtsman of some note and became Keeper of Prints at the British Museum. He had previously been a pupil of Nollekens and continued an intimate friend of the sculptor till his death in 1823. His disappointment at not sharing as he had expected in the huge fortune which Nollekens had amassed appears to have prompted the publication of this biography, described by Mr. Gosse "as the most candid biography in the English language," but crammed as it is with gossip and tittle-tattle, it is generally accepted as a truthful narrative. Apart, however, from the purely biographical details in connection with the chief figure and many other notable people of the period, the book is of great interest for its information about the topography of London west of the City, and Mr. Whitten's numerous notes enable the reader to identify many places and buildings which in the course of a century have changed or disappeared. Both volumes are lavishly illustrated. ■ ■

Every year since 1903 Mr. WILLIAM MONK, R.E., has issued a *Calendarium Londineuse* comprising on a convenient sized sheet an original etching by him of a London subject with a calendar of the year in simple classic type. This year the subject of the etching is London Bridge viewed from the Southwark side. The Calendar for 1920 bore an etching of the Cenotaph in Whitehall. ■ ■